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THE
MYSTIC WREATH;
OR,
EVENING PASTIME.

LONDON:
Printed by C. Collins and Co.
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THE
MYSTIC WREATH;
OR,
EVENING PASTIME:

CONSISTING OF

*Enigmatical Poems, Charades, Anagrams,
Conundrums, Rebuses, &c. &c.*

BY

SUSAN AND ELIZABETH.

“ Amuser les esprits, et rejoindre les cœurs :
Sait, dit-on, le talent du génie créateur.”

“ Con gli occhi della mente, il cor si vede.”

“ Wenn du dich bemühen willst, tiefen Sinn zu finden ;
Wirst in diesen Blättern hier, welchen, du wohl finden.”

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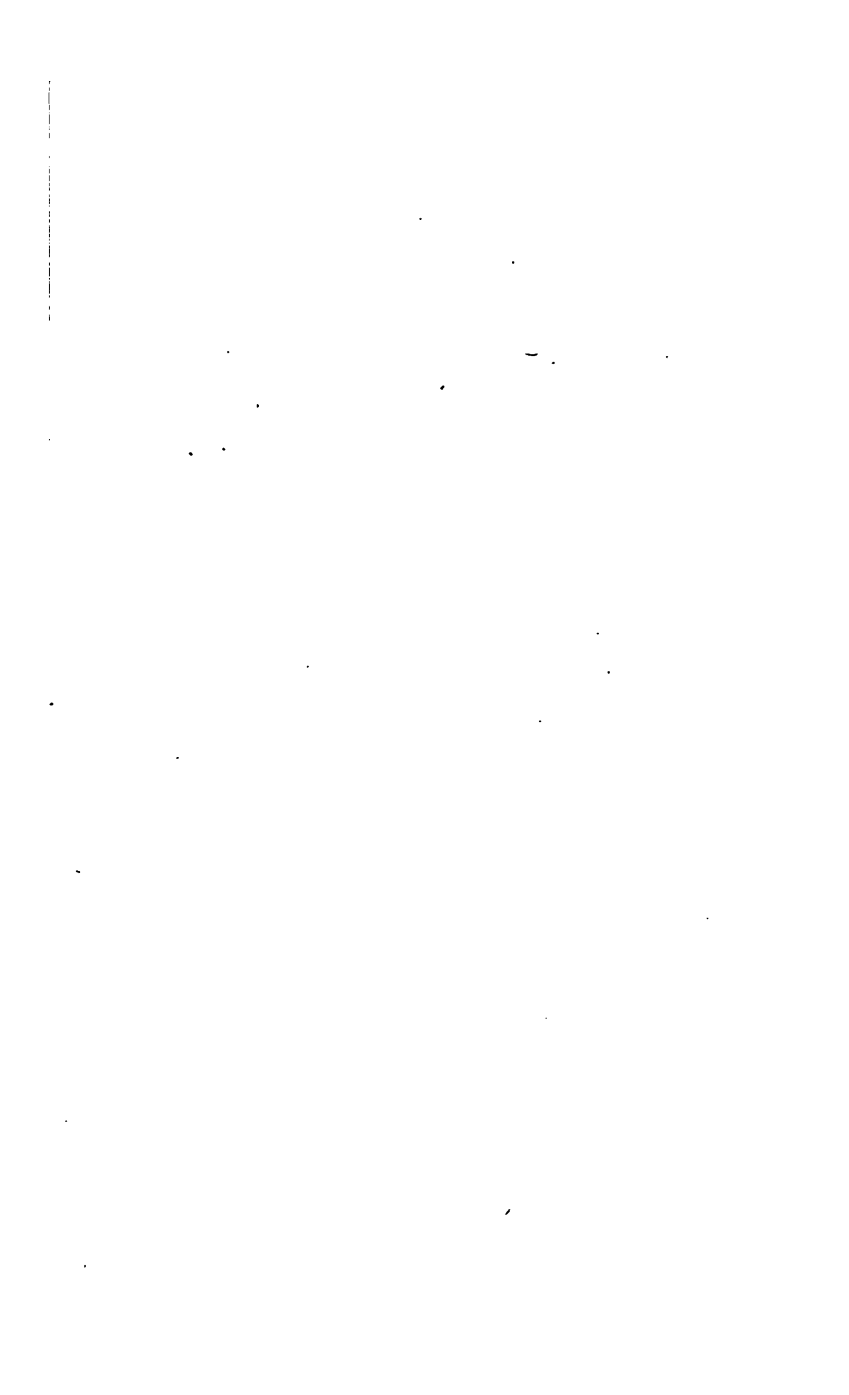
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PREFACE.

THE perceptions of persons in retirement are very different from those of people in the great World: their imaginations being constantly impressed by the same objects, are more strongly affected. Men of Letters, and Philosophers, are always declaiming against Country Productions; all conspire against rustic simplicity; but in extolling the pleasures of the great World, they too often lose the enjoyment of native Truth.

In publishing this little Book, we only entreat an indulgent Public to read it with attention! and request the Critics to be consistent with themselves, and not judge till they have examined! our efforts to gratify the imagination, and instruct the mind, will then be answered; and although not without blemish, may, we trust, be found to contain some touches of sublimity.



Prefatory Lines.

Is it desire of worldly pelf?
Or to gratify a churlish Elf,
That, by a valued friend and self,
 This Book is written.
Was it began in merry mood?
Or, from a wish for "Public good!"
We humbly hope we don't intrude
 Upon your Notice.
Is it desire for learned Fame?
Will her shrill trump aloud proclaim
A Tribute—to adorn our name?
 We cannot tell.
Do we not sadly fear and quake,
Perchance, have labour'd in mistake;
We mean, d'ye think the Work will take?
 We hope so.

THE
MYSTIC WREATH;
OR,
EVENING PASTIME.

CHARADES.

1.

In my *first*, I have been on a fine Summer's day,
When the brightest of prospects have faded away,
And nothing remained to the view;
But what was above me, and what was around,
And soon to my utter discomfit I found
What others have found to be true.

That the sun in its splendour is soon overcast,
That the purest of pleasures too soon are gone
past—

The hurricane pitiless came;
Though I and my comrades exerted each nerve,
In efforts united our wish could not serve,
My *first* was my *next*—Who can blame—

B

The ways of that Being who judges aright,
But to our comprehension, self-love and short
sight,

Sometimes seems to punish severe;

His goodness it was induced him to save
My life from the *whole*, when the jaws of the
grave
Might have closed on my form—so your
bounty I crave,
For alas! I am pennyless here.

2.

Ah! Mary, have you heard the sad, sad tale
Of Lucy's loss? Why, all the folks bewail,
For she's a worthy lass:
Perhaps you know that Joe, the Miller's son,
Courtèd poor Lucy; aye, more years than one,
But let that pass.

That's neither here nor there—he went to sea,
Promised at his return my first to be,

3

Alas! the ship was wrecked—
 Ere three short moons had run, the Youth was
 drowned,
 His vow to Lucy never will be crowned;
 Poor Lucy's brain protect.
 Her aged Father, poor dear man, 'tis said,
 Does nought but weep about the hapless maid;
 She was his only joy,
 He's now too old to work,—but was my whole,
 Ah! may he rest his care-worn weary soul;
 Where's bliss without alloy.

3.

My *first* when you're brewing you frequently take,
 To put in my *second*, which doubtless you make;
 My *whole* is a plant—it may make you well,
 You have my best wishes, I honestly tell.

4.

My *first* is dear novelty, therefore, 'tis pleasing,
 To be always without it, would be certainly
 teasing;

4

My *next* has oft witness'd the lover's adieu!
 Has seen the soft kiss, heard kind words—not a
 few;
 My *whole* is a structure, its inmates you'll find
 To the dictates of conscience too often were blind.

5.

Last Evening when I took a walk,
 I call'd on Goody Barnes;
 With aged folk I love to talk,
 One something useful learns.

See, Goody! I my first have brought;
 “God bless you Ma'am,” says she,
 “He can reward, but I cannot,
 “The kindness shewn to me.”

Well, Goody, will you be my next,
 One day this week to come?
 Your Grand-child too—I should be vex'd
 To have her left at home.

5

So Betty mind my whole to be,
 Make all things neat and tidy;
 And then you know, you'll come and see
 Us, at the Hall, on Friday.

6.

The Rose that only is a bud, is sweet,
 Nor less so, when its leaves begin t' expand;
 When in my first—alas! it is more fleet,
 Ah! see its leaves have fallen in my hand.

Well may a tear bedew Amelia's cheek,
 Just so, in Manhood's prime may droop our
 friends,
 Let not that face such agony bespeak;
 For trials, trust me, Heaven in mercy sends.

When with Companions o'er my next you stray,
 You may perceive, there, many types of man,
 To day they're full of vigour, fresh and gay,
 To-morrow sear'd;—Ah! "life is but a span."

6

And he who was my whole is gone to prove
That, Sublunary is the lot of Man,
There's "no continuing City"—save above;
The best of Mortals can but weakly scan.

ENIGMA.

7.

A virtue I am, and 'twould be wise
To place me 'fore the Spendthrift's eyes;
No Theorist merely, I sensibly act,
And minutely attend to all I transact.

ANAGRAMS.

8.

If you transpose a pleasing drink,
'Twill tell you what you've done, I think.

9.

Complete, I'm healthy, strong, and sound,
Beheaded, with the glass go round.

CONUNDRUMS.

10.

Why is a thrifty plant like a good sportsman?

11.

What instrument of music will name a bad character?

REBUS.

12.

What a Lady is when young,

What is either said or sung;

What we very often crack,

Faithful Tray,—go stroke his back.

A beast whose meat I'm wont to praise,

And him whose beauty did him craze;

These initials join and name

A City of distinguished fame.

GENTLEMENS' NAMES.

13.

1. What you do when you walk and a domes-

tic fowl. 2. An action of the fingers. 3. A bird and what it eats. 4. What school-boys love, altering a letter. 5. What we all like to have and my present existence. 6. What many people are and three-parts of a measure. 7. An enemy to ladies' complexions, a circle and half an ape. 8. A royal martyr. 9. Two-thirds of a bird and half a fly-trap. 10. What Temple Bar has three of, what is always in gin and a shaven head. 11. Science and three-fourths of a violent throw. 12. Half a whirlpool and what every guardian has.

CHARADES.

14.

Reverse my *first*, 'twill plainly shew,
 A term indicative of woe:
 Transpose my *next*, you have in view,
 What once your parents took of you;
 My *whole's* a name, perchance you know it,
 Of a famed ancient lyric poet.

15.

The modest violet in the vale,
 The nymph with rosy cheeks or pale,
 The infant! such can never fail,
 to be my *first*.

That, that is the noblest part,
 The seat of virtue, or of art,
 At which Cupid aims his dart,
 must be my *second*.

And Edward, who is fain to woo,
 Who says he loves me firm and true,
 Him, I will confess to you,
 is my dear *whole*.

16.

In a neat little cot, that I called at one day,
 O'er the chimney my *first*, as an ornament lay;
 Composed of my *second*, how neat was the floor,
 And the same I beheld in the window and door;

My *whole* in a corner, was carefully placed,
Adorned with gilt figures, *sans* order or taste.

17.

When Jane wrote to her lover,
My *first* she took;
I soon could discover,
She took him to book.

She said that my *next*
Was deceitful and bad,
I saw she was vexed,
Guess'd a quarrel she'd had.

Her lover, thus used,
Said, he'd go in my *third*;
He would not be abus'd,
He declared on his word.

18.

My *first* is a donkey, my *second's* the same,
My *third* is a word of very small fame;

You may see it in ink—also in within,
 And without any trouble, may find it in sin;
 My *whole* is a being, who'd give you a blow,
 In despite of all law, from above or below.

19.

In my *first*, if endowed with content,
 And no wish for the charms of my *next*;
 May my life be in usefulness spent,
 By ambition and envy unvext.

In a gown of my *whole* then attired,
 And a bonnet, perchance of the same;
 Though certain to pass unadmired,
 I'll try, to escape without blame.

ENIGMA.

20.

When honest Roger hies him home,
 His daily labour o'er;
 I break through poverty and gloom,
 To meet him at the door.

When village lads and lasses meet,
 To dance upon the green;
 Fair Lucy gives me oft, to greet
 A swain of comely mien.

In higher ranks, how many strive
 My 'witching form to gain;
 How many hearts do I revive,
 How many plead in vain.

Upon our gracious Monarch's brow,
 How gracefully I sit;
 Ah! he may give me, even now,
 To those who will forget.

ANAGRAMS.

21.

Complete, I make the culprit rue,
 And give his cheek a pallid hue;
 Cut off my head, and you behold
 A public place for young and old:

13

**Cut off another head, I vow
I'm quite reverse to Nature now.**

22.

**Physicians claim me when they cure,
But not when they behead me, sure;
Yet, if another head I lose,
Their prompt assistance then I choose.**

CONUNDRUMS.

23.

What Vehicle expresses circular motion, an obstacle, and an uproar?

24.

What Soup will name the height of fashion?

REBUS.

25.

**A conquering king,
That stone in your ring;**

A capital city,
 Those ringlets so pretty;
 Reverse what is plain,
 And then you'll attain—
 These letters uniting
 That word I've been writing:
 'Tis a marker of time,
 And an end to my rhyme.

LADIES' NAMES.

26.

1. What maiden ladies do not, losing a letter.
2. To spoil, and a small bed-room. 3. A vehicle, an exclamation, and what you write upon.
4. The late King of France and a vowel. 5. An animal, a personal pronoun, and a river. 6. What Merchants get, changing two letters.
7. Half a county and an article. 8. A small fish and what you get at an auction. 9. A flower. 10. A small hunting dog, changing a

letter. 11. The goddess of flowers. 12. A month and what that month commences with.

CHARADES.

27.

When little girls begin to sew,
 How pleased they are my *first* to do
 So neatly for Papa!
 The pretty work is shewn about,
 And much it gratifies, no doubt,
 Both him and dear Mamma!
 My *next* I do to keep secure,
 What, otherwise, I'm very sure,
 Would soon be spoil'd or lost;
 My *whole*, a plant of baneful kind,
 Discreetly used,—I think you'll find,
 Will give relief to most.

28.

My *first* is a serpent, my *next* is a rag, my *third*
 is you and me, and my *whole* is a vegetable.

29.

On Mary's gown of russet brown,
 My tidy first appears;
 A sad mischance, a look askance,
 Occasion'd Mary's tears.

Well do not cry, but lay it by
 Until you do my next;
 'Twill last you long, tho' not so strong,
 'Tis useless being vex'd.

My whole I've seen so neat and clean,
 On Mary's humble bed;
 Her sleep was sound, and all around
 Her beams fair Luna shed.

30.

My Lady has sent you a bible, friend Clark!
 That is, if my *first* you can do;
 She says, she'd advise you to rise with the lark,
 And study it carefully through.

My *second*, I'd have you to know, is my errand,
 For such favors—be grateful, I pray;
 To bring you good books, no trouble is reckoned,
 But, that you well know, I dare say.

I remember you once had a place at the Hall,
 Was dismiss'd, for a slight misdemeanor:
 Her Ladyship's kind; and I think that my *whole*
 I may gain for you, during the Winter.

31.

My *first*, in the Street you may frequently meet,
 Your lap-dog, perchance, is my *second*;
 My *whole*, for your feet, is both useful and neat,
 And is often a luxury reckon'd.

32.

How grateful we should be for the possession
 of my *first*, it is alike a blessing to the friendless
 Child of want, and the pampered Lordling; yet,
 what varieties does it present to view; by what

different names is it called: although it might be thus simplified, that, whether the property of a King or Beggar, it is but a covering. My *next* often sweetens the bitterest Cup of Life, in its very nature a solace: no wonder so many are anxious for the attainment of it. My Son, should you ever marry, may you meet with my neat, tidy, considerate, and economical *whole*.

ENIGMA.

33.

Seen in the hands of a gay young spark,
Whenever I shoot, I leave a mark;
Oft I'm used to execute vengeance,
Yet to a gun bear no resemblance:
Strange to say, have produced a sweet
That with the sweetest may compete.

ANAGRAMS.

34.

The Ladies oft require my aid,
To visit play or masquerade;

19

Of head deprived, I come before ye,
An ornament for upper story:
Losing another head beware,
You all must die, if I'm not there.

35.

Kindly behold a humble slave,
Who at your feet does favor crave;
Cut off his head, and he'll produce
A tool most gard'ners find of use:
Transpose him now, and then decide,
If first and last are not allied.

CONUNDRUMS.

36.

Why is an Elderly Lady, who tries to look
young, like a person committing a fault?

37.

What musical instrument is that which, when
beheaded, gives the name of another?

REBUS.

38.

A Poet, amiable and kind,
 A Bird, that in the day is blind;
 A beverage, pure and unalloyed,
 A person oft with dainties cloyed;
 What mightily assists the sight,
 What puts some people in a fright:
 Join these initials, they will quickly name
 A Poet favoured—by the voice of fame.

TITLES.

39.

1. Two-thirds of a month, a jest and a vowel.
2. Three-quarters of cattle and a letter.
3. Half a river, to clear, changing a letter.
4. Half a water-fowl and two-thirds of what a lock should have.
5. What we should lend and the head of his Lordship.
6. A merry fellow transposed.
7. An equal.
8. To spoil and a roman relative.
9. A musical division, a circle and a snare.

10. What you do when you tell fifty. 11. The Latin for *thou art* and a quantity of paper. 12. A fog and two-thirds of an epoch.

CHARADES.

40.

Dear William! do not Pussey hurt:

Poor thing, she is my *first*;

Ah! when you tumbled in the dirt,

To say my *next*, you durst.

Last week, at School, you made my *third*,

When writing o'er your Sum;

These things, my Dear, you find I've heard,

Folks are not always dumb.

When honest Tray came jumping round,

To bid you welcome home;

You took him by my *next*, I found,

And led him to the Groom.

Well, do not blush—you did no wrong,
 Or I should not be slack,
 To lay my *whole*, so thick and strong,
 Upon your luckless back.

41.

See that Vessel, ocean tost;
 The Sailors give up all for lost:
 My *first*, they dare not hope to gain,
 Amid the horrors of the main.

Now, Hope acts a kindly part,
 Sends my *next* to glad each heart;
 Nay, more, assures the dangers' o'er,
 And lands each Sailor safe on shore.

My *whole*, I know, I've fail'd to do;
 I cannot paint their joy to you;
 You must conceive their true delight,
 When friends and kindred blest their sight.

42.

My *first* in Flora's blooming train,
 The meed of praise will oft obtain,
 When placed within my *second*;
 My *total* holds my lovely first,
 And he that would deny it, 'must—
 A simpleton be reckon'd.

43.

A liquor, my *first*, of true English make,
 Sometimes of an Evening a glass-full I take;
 And when I have friends, such as Harry or Jem,
 My *next*, with my first I fill up to the brim:
 How smart in my closet, my *total* appears,
 A place it has had there a number of years.

44.

How absolute, ah! how august,
 And yet how humble, is my *first*:

How noble and how mean;
 How rich, how poor, how prone to err;
 How proud, how lowly, how austere,
 This prodigy is seen.

To ask my *next*, how very rude;
 Good manners never would intrude —
 A question so profound!
 What ignorance! what want of sense!
 Methinks it were a mere pretence
 To frighten all around.

Yet it will come with rapid stride;
 How useless is a fact deny'd—
 Experience daily tells;
 It overtakes the rich and great,
 The Peasant in his low estate,
 And Dandies, Beaux, and Belles.

But if they all would do their best,
 They would not be so much perplex'd,

As now they often are;
 No thoughtless youth would be undone;
 No Father for a reckless Son,
 My *total's* burthen bear.

45.

I hear there's a Fair in a neighbouring town,
 Do my *first*, very neatly, put on your new gown,
 And, perhaps, I may give you a treat;
 Referring to all, my *next* you must be,
 Your friends and your kindred—the whole family,
 You know at the Fair you will meet.
 Now, should you accept the 'Squire's offer of
 marriage,
 My *whole*, you'll possess, when he sets up his
 carriage.

ENIGMA.

46.

I am of very ancient date,
 Always had an itch for prate;
 When I am touch'd, I never fail—
 To relate aloud the tale.

If my tongue begin to prattle,
 It does nought but rattle, rattle;
 Ever and anon it speaks,
 During days, or months, or weeks.

Something's lost, or something's found;
 My neighbour's horse is in the pound;
 Jenny's buried, Tom is married:
 With such news I've never tarried!
 No! I let the gossips know—
 Such an one is so and so.

Mary lives at Beesom Hall,
 She attends my instant call;
 When my temper takes a freak,
 Then I'm stubborn, and won't speak.

Coaxing won't with me prevail,
 Force applied—will seldom fail:
 Thus, when Children will be bad,
 Coercive measures must be had.

ANAGRAMS.

47.

To village fair I oft repair,
 Where rustics gather round;
 On Ocean too, my form I shew,
 Or many had been drown'd.

New heads now give, you will perceive
 What keeps you nicely warm:
 A beast that skips, or jumps, or leaps—
 O'er craigs of wildest form.

A sort of ditch, I'm told, o'er which
 A bridge is always thrown;
 What you may do, for aught I know,
 On what is not your own.

Alter behind, and you will find—
 A beast that hunters chase;
 A something black, the poor oft lack,
 To wheedle, to embrace.

A pointed stick, so move on quick,
 An edging sewn on cloth;
 A starting post.—What Tray, when lost,
 To make is seldom loath.

Take half away, you will display
 A partnership in trade;
 To walk away, to act, it may,
 Perchance, be to evade.

One part displace, then you may trace—
 What spreads its leathern wings:
 A beast not small, that you may call;
 Him, who protects all things.

A little point—what you appoint
 To keep the floor quite clean;
 What you may have—what is a knave,
 A measure, so I ween.

48.

Complete, I'm a bird, and pick up the grain,
Beheaded, clear water, and fresh you obtain.

CONUNDRUMS.

49.

**What useful article in housekeeping will name
a Miser, living in a Capital town in Ire-
land?**

50.

**If you invite a certain bird to come in, what
Dandy do you name?**

REBUS.

51.

**A covering that's useful,
A parent so graceful;
A painter much famed,
And what a thief's named;
What twines round a tree,
Old England so free,
The black or red sea;
These initials unite,
A State Minister write.**

PHILOSOPHERS.

52.

1. Five-ninths of astonishment, two-thirds of a citizen, and a plural pronoun.
2. Half a tube and a parochial burden.
3. Two-thirds of Noah's refuge, half an island and a title, changing a vowel.
4. Half a circle, solid water and two-thirds of a disturbance.
5. Three-fourths of a cane, two-thirds of a noun and a consonant.
6. Delicious dried meat.
7. Four-ninths of a steward and half a cask.
8. What Silversmith's deal in, altering a letter.
9. Three-sevenths of a clerical district and five-sevenths of the first book of Moses.
10. Four-sevenths of arrival and an article.
11. Half a funeral pile, three-fifths of a title, half a monster and a conjunction.
12. Half detraction, four-sixths of a critic and ourselves.

CHARADES.

53.

My *first* is found within my *second*,
 And very useful it is reckoned;
 My *whole*, believe me, 'tis no fable,
 Is often seen upon the table:
 Where honest industry presides,
 And shining steel so quickly glides,
 Through silk and gauze, and ribband too,
 Of texture fine and varied hue.

54.

So convinced, Madam, am I of having acted
 improperly, that I have resolved to do my *first*;
 and as a token of reconciliation, I beg your
 acceptance of my *second*; which, I think you
 will say merits the approbation of an Epicure:
 my *whole* reminded me, that confessing my fault
 and soliciting pardon, was my last resource.

C 4

Young William glowed with martial fire,
He left his native land;
His peaceful cot and aged sire,
To join the warrior band.

He boldly fought, my *first* he gained,
His Comrades called him brave;
Although the wound was deep, and pained,
No quarter would he crave.

My *next* was fired,—permission came
To ransack and to plunder;
The conqueror's shout, in wild acclaim,
Resounded like dread thunder.

The holy fane, the sacred shrine,
Profan'd by war's decree—
But stop, a bolder pen than mine
Must sketch war's misery.

To William's honor, be it known,
 His motto was to spare;
 As divers acts of mercy shown,
 To vanquished foes declare.

Worn out at length with age and toil,
 His native land he sought;
 To blend his ashes with that soil,
 For which he'd bravely fought.

Oh! may the remnant of his days
 In competence be spent;
 My tota! he has known, he says,
 But William is content.

56.

My first is four letters that plenty bespeak,
 You my next 'mong votaries of fashion may seek;
 My whole is a being—a voracious elf,
 Loving no one so well, as his own dear self.

57.

My first with moss or flowerets drest,

I offer to your view;

My second, if 'tis well exprest,

Would pleasure give to you:

Some folks are for my *whole* distrest,

When they can't get their due.

58.

My notable first, a wise man of the East,

And one who in wisdom could not be the least;

Held forth as a pattern of good:

For industry, worth, perseverance, and sense,

There is none to excel, can have any pretence,

It unrivall'd for ages has stood.

My second, young ladies, despising all rule

Do—alas! 'tis oft ere they leave boarding school;

Misguided their passions become!

Their friends disregarding, they seek no advice,

But oft to their sorrow, they find in a trice—

That the home they have left is "Sweet Home."

ENIGMA.

59.

Ladies fair may deem me rude,
Upon their notice to intrude;
But since I meet with no respect,
But insult, injury, neglect.

I think it right—you hear my story,
And this, the case, I lay before ye:
A needful friend I'm to the fair,
And at the toilet have their care.

'Tis I who do their dress complete,
And make them look so truly neat;
And yet you very often see
Things of no worth compared to me.

The Miser is my greatest friend,
On him I constantly attend:
He greets me with peculiar pleasure,
And estimates me as a treasure.

With him in idleness I dwell,
 A life I do not like so well—
 As one of honest usefulness,
 Which all who know me will confess.

Yet on my form, so fair and bright,
 He gazes with sincere delight;
 While old and young, and grave and gay
 Degrade, despise, and throw away.

I'm tall and prim, and very slender,
 And sometimes am a china mender;
 My temper good, tho' if you try—
 I may, perforce, be made awry.

Am sharp and keen as any wit;
 A head I have, which well does fit;
 But much it grieves me now to say,
 'Tis oft pull'd off in wanton play.

ANAGRAMS.

60.

A place there is where Belles and Beaux
 Are often seen, in brilliant rows;

Where mirth and music oft are found,
And social converse flows around.

Reverse presents a dreary scene,
Where bitter winds blow wild and keen;
And gathering clouds, so dire and dread,
Burst o'er the houseless wanderer's head.

61.

I am a Poet young, yet known to Fame,
My muse, true taste and science none can blame;
Vain you may call me, yet I am not so,
Cut off my head, still I can solace woe.

My strains unrivall'd, echo thro' the vale,
Sweet as the softest lute, or lover's tale;
Take off another head—see what I was,
When universal nature seem'd a pause.

CONUNDRUMS.

62.

Why is a man arrived at home, after a journey,
like a Member of Parliament?

63.

Why is the Hebrew William like a season of
rejoicing?

REBUS.

64.

The goddess of a blooming train,
A constellation ascertain;
A Greek Philosopher, now take,
A Poet of an older date;
A native of the torrid zone,
A town besieged, must now be shewn—
What is used to force confession,
These will tell, without digression—
Two learned Statesmen, now no more!
Whose fame has reach'd from shore to shore.

POETS.

65.

1. An ancient measure.
2. Three quarters of

a mile and what music expresses, wanting a letter. 3. A well-known Animal and a small enclosure. 4. A Barrister's lodgings. 5. A Church in Scotland and what your dress may be. 6. What old people are not. 7. What Misers love and a useful Mechanic. 8. A Man-servant. 9. The support of thousands, changing a letter. 10. A small Horse and the character of the Lion. 11. A letter, a useful article at tea-time, and the head of the wisest man. 12. What your Horse should be.

CHARADES.

66.

Composed of mortar, brick or stone,
 My *first*, security is known,
 My *next* has conquer'd many kings,
 And from it, oft, contention springs:
 These *two* united, oft has shewn—
 A scottish chief of much renown.

You did my *first*, how vexing, Mary!

I feel quite in a pet;

You must be careless or unwary:

You see, you've spoil'd my set.

You well deserve my *next* to do,

Till you have paid its cost;

I'm always buying something new—

For what you've broke or lost.

Come, sit down Child, and get my *whole*,

I wonder who, but me,

Would give you tea and butter'd roll,

Your faults, I hope, you'll see.

You know well, Mary, that I would

All accidents excuse;

That I'm your friend, I think, I've proved,

Such kindness don't abuse.

In a pretty girl's face, if a gentleman stare,

In sweetest confusion, my *first* will be there;

My *next*, if you do, and leave Susan behind,
 How very uncivil, how very unkind:
 My *whole* is a bird, neither common or rare,
 But found in this Country—perhaps you know
 where.

69.

My *first*, a partnership may signify,
 Look up—you'll see it on the house close by;
 See my *next*, with footstep slow,
 Eyes upraised, oppress'd with woe:
 Plainly now, a fair I name,
 Who, few friends or kindred claim.
 My *third* is seen and heard 'mid war's hot thun-
 der;
 My *whole*, no doubt, has oft times made you
 wonder.

70.

Ah! Tom, my lad—Why, how d'ye do?
 Methinks you are my *first*;
 Go home with me, and I will show,
 (I mean, tho', if you durst).

My *next*, a very pretty fish,

Yes, you shall dine with me;

It makes a very comely dish,

That you shall quickly see.

So Tom, I see you're in my *third*,

How stylish you appear;

I question much, upon my word,

If we can suit you here.

Us Country folk are very plain,

And etiquette may smile;

But common sense will not disdain,

Or politesse revile.

How I should like to see my *whole*,

A Soldier truly brave;

God bless his enterprising soul,

And punish every knave.

71,

**My *first* makes you gay, when an Evening you
spend,**

With a relative kind, or a sociable friend,

But in medium let it be taken;
 For your spirit to cheer, it certainly tends,
 Produces good humour, cries "Health to all
 friends,"

And let none of them e'er be forsaken.

A part of my *next*, I will venture to say,
 Your table has graced at some noon time o' day:
 Its name I'll not further reveal;
 Except I premise, by way of remark,
 The meat of this sober and gentle young Spark
 Is neither—Beef, Pork, or Veal.

My whole when duties, domestic are done,
 To set off her person—my Lady puts on,
 And her handkerchief places before;
 Lest fire or lest spot should injure or soil
 That, which has been produced by much labor or
 toil,

On this subject I will say no more,

ENIGMA.

72.

I am found in the earth, in the air, in the sea,
In water and vapour the learned agree;
In substance, in shadow, in Saturn afar,
In the pale beams of Luna, and in the Dog-star.

In the frightful volcano, in Etna profound,
In the lava, that scatters destruction around:
In the dreadful abyss, in the chasm so wide,
In flames, and in earthquakes and caverns beside.

In quicksands, in craigs, in the pitiless wave,
In the hurricane wild, in the mountain and cave;
In the murmuring streamlet, that winds thro'
the vale,
In the meadows so gay, in sweet Philomel's tale.

In valleys and fountains, and glassy cascades,
In moss-covered banks, in lanes, harbours or shade;

In the hamlet, the village, the dance on the
green,

The harp and the bag-pipe, the gay tamborine.

The games of the rustic, the match and the race,

In the heat of the battle, the midst of the chase;

With the Monarch, the peasant, the dastard and
brave,

In health and in happiness, death and the grave.

ANAGRAMS.

73.

Oh! pray do not scold, when you see me com-
plete,

Behead me, and lo—a poor cripple you meet;

Then careful transpose, and plain you will see,

In which of the genders—that cripple must be.

One letter now cross, and then you will have—

An honest old Tar, often tossed by the wave;

Now alter a letter, alas! you are lost,

In well trodden paths,—on ocean untossed.

Now alter again, your steed I adorn,
 Again and before City lords I am borne;
 Besides a rich spice; now alter again,
 And you have what is finished, I think very plain.
 Now cut off two heads, and another just add,
 Behold a grave Matron; another change made,
 Produces what Schoolboys have every day,
 Or Poachers will have, tho' the 'Squire says nay.
 Another you have it, all creatures beside,
 Again—repetition comes in to deride;
 Another, how gentle, how docile and mild,
 The very reverse of untoward and wild.
 Let my third be behead'd, a favorite drink,
 Now, adding a letter, you're healthy, I think:
 By changing correctly, a storm you will find,
 Where bargains are purchased, rich goods—
 prithee mind.
 What you are when you're ill, where you walk
 when you're well,
 With part of a landscape, and what lovers tell;

Now take the old Seaman, and cut off his head,
See what you have done, without anger or dread.

By adding a letter, my Grandmother's name,
And changing you have, when that Grandmo-
ther came;

What you cannot resist, what you never should
do,

What when it is open—will let you pass through.

The name of your head, what we all have to pay,
And the period fixed on, my next will display:
Now cut off the tail, I won't say of your steed,
But what you consider, becoming indeed.

Now see what the King is—add and alter a let-
ter,

If I am (do you think me) deserving a fetter?
By changing you'll know where in Summer I
stray,

And the Lady I sometimes have met on the way.

Who invaded old England, what I can look
through,

What turns with the weather, what may poison
you :

Beheading a spice—see four in a pack,

Beheading and altering—fish you'll not lack.

A trimming for Ladies, a favorite game,

What your horse always has, but not always
the same;

Where I put all my jewels, alas! they are few,

What is often thought pretty, have I it or you?

Now alter what's finished, what beauties will do,

A term of reproach, and a tired beast too;

What is done to a ship, before sent out to sea,

What you did when you came through the water
to me.

74.

A noble beast—that hunters chase,

Beheaded, hangs upon a lace.

CONUNDRUMS.

75.

What musical instrument will hold a Physician's
prescription?

76.

How, by laying a bet, can I discover a Wit,
and what he is doing?

REBUS.

77.

The wisest of men, in ages of yore,
A Captain ambitious—the North to explore;
The head of the room in which you reside,
A good-natured Paddy, by union allied;
A catholic Female—in solitude truly,
A spirituous compound—that maketh unruly:
Combine these initials aright, in your head,
And the brightest of blossoms around you are
spread.

PAINTERS.

78.

1. A Bath beau. 2. What we all should be.
 3. Half a vegetable, what his Majesty writes
 with, and a sailor, altering a letter. 4. A very
 celebrated antediluvian and a consonant. 5. A
 shell fish and a dipthong. 6. What your horse eats
 and a Spaniard. 7. What speculators sometimes
 get and a corporate town. 8. To think and
 where your steed may be. 9. Martial music and
 fashionable life. 10. A creditor and a difficult
 point. 11. Two-thirds of the Goddess of revenge,
 your relation, and what your father was to his
 father. 12. An emblem of gluttony, the sister
 of science and a letter.

CHARADES.

79.

Tell the gay my *first* to do,
 And ten to one, they'll laugh at you,

What! be a miser reckon'd;
 How grave, how gay, how small, how great,
 How elegant, with sense replete,
 How learned is my *second*.

My *total* form, I must admire,
 And very few, methinks, can tire—
 Of science, genius, taste;
 The happy group, the quick bon-mot,
 The shrew'd remark, and so and so—
 Are here in order placed.

80.

When Lubin trips across the fields,
 To seek his daily work;
 My *first*, no doubt, is at his heels,
 Near him, all day, will lurk.
 And when the honest swain, at eve,
 Regains his humble cot;
 Did he, behind, his manners leave?
 My *next*, if he forgot—

To use, his goodly dame would scold,
 Call him of names a train;
 The neatly sanded floor, he's told,
 Was clean'd so nice, in vain.

Now when my *last* I do, in haste,
 And Molly will not come;
 My valued time, and breath to waste,
 I'll send her packing home.

My *whole*, be not, if you are wise,
 Whatever is your lot;
 For tho' they mind, when 'fore your eyes,
 They'll laugh, when they are not.

81.

Louisa, lay my *first* aside,
 Bless me, you've almost done it;
 Papa says, we may take a ride,
 So get your gloves and bonnet.

Pray put this trifle in my *next*,
 It is for Alice Ball;
 We pass her door, she may be vexed—
 Should we neglect to call.

Come put my *total* in its place,
 Papa and Chaise are waiting;
 We shall be in fine disgrace—
 To stand thus idly prating.

82.

To be in my *first*, on a fine summer's day,
 How pleasant it is; see all Nature is gay,
 And the waters, how smoothly they glide;
 Should my *next* sit beside you, 'twere pleasanter
 still,
 Mind, his whispers may cause in your heart a
 fond thrill,
 And head-ach and heart-ach beside.
 My blustering *whole*, is an honest old tar,
 Hardy and blunt, and undaunted in war.

83.

When Pussey purrs upon the hearth,
 My *first* is always seen;
 My *next*, at scenes of festive mirth,
 Has very often been.

An ornament for ladies gay,
 Yet seen upon a bird;
 How very odd, methinks you say—
 Ridiculous, absurd.

My *whole* is dark, and dreary found,
 Such dismal gloom hangs o'er it;
 A frightful place, all under ground,
 You'd better not explore it.

84.

My *first* is an exclamation,
 Caused by pain or admiration;
 My *next* was said in Creation's hour,
 At this moment, I feel its mighty power.'

The wretch that pines in the dungeon's gloom,
 Hears not its accent in his direful doom:
 But the heavenly sound he'll quickly perceive,
 When mercy, sweet mercy, grants a reprieve.

My *whole* is a plant—acknowledged of use,
 Denotes lovely concord, and shows there's a truce.

ENIGMA.

85.

With innocent maidens I'm frequently seen
 To join the gay revel, and dance on the green;
 Then I'm lively and merry, and gamesome,
 but lo,
 With the sinner and infidel often I go:
 Hence I ever am found in misfortune, and woe;
 Tho' spurned by the saint, and forbidden to share
 In the joys of the Christian; yet let them beware,
 If they ever exclude me from praise or from
 prayer.

In the depths of old ocean—securely I rest,
 With conscience I torture the murderer's breast;
 With Napoleon I dwelt at St. Helena's isle,
 Even Elba, I shared with—that famous exile.

There is not a palace in which I've not been,
 In England, dear England, I always am seen;
 Tho' strange it may seem, I have been in each
 clime,

Have lived in all ages—the rude and sublime,
 And again shall be found in the end of old Time.

ANAGRAMS.

86.

Complete, I'm a stranger, and that you may see,
 Curtail'd, beware—do not tell it to me.

87.

A rover of deserts, uncivilized, wild,
 Alone, or in groups—man, woman, or child;
 Or two honest seamen—who buffet the waves,
 Reversed, see a couple of sly little knaves.

Take care, if you please, for they relish a feast,
Are all the guests welcome?—Oh! they are the
least;

Transposed—see what skill, and industry pursue,
But if misapplied, may be fatal to you.

CONUNDRUMS.

88.

I can make a rustic with a certain pulse and an
insect—can you?

89.

What description of cane drives men, women,
and children, and almost every thing else
before it?

REBUS.

90.

A poet, now, of much esteem,
A Grecian bard, if right I deem;
A landscape painter, true to nature,
A passion blighting every feature;

D 4

What to painting is allied,
 What has ne'er a doubt implied,
 Join'd to what we all have been :
 A sweet retiring grace is seen.

SCULPTORS.

91.

1. A Tyrolèse patriot (changing a letter) and what he was. 2. Liberty itself and a Highland boy. 3. A king without an eye. 4. Polly with a new head and her parents. 5. An eminent painter, what he called his mother, and where she put him when an infant. 6. A colour and an impediment. 7. A musical composer and what he will be if he live long enough. 8. Half a pickle, what John did when he went for it, and a Spanish grandee. 9. A grain, a letter, and what you must not turn on your friends. 10. An artificer, a measure and myself. 11. To perceive, a dunce's head and a stack of hay. 12.

Where that man lived, whom Pope has said,
 Had forty pounds a year;
 Who now, alas! is prostrate laid,
 While I am dwelling here.

CHARADES.

92.

Young Henry gave his guileless heart
 Unto my *first*, so gay and smart,
 But—he was poor.

She ridiculed his honest pain,
 Rejected him with proud disdain—
 He went to sea.

My *second*, on a foreign shore,
 Gave him of wealth an ample store,
 Yet she was fickle.

He sought, once more, his native land,
 Unfetter'd were his heart and hand:
 He was not married,

My first, he found, my whole had met,
 He could forgive, but not forget—
 That he had loved her.

He pitied, sought, and loved again,
 Was not rejected—so 'tis plain—
 Her views were alter'd.

My *whole*, and what that whole attends,
 Had banish'd all her former friends—
 She was neglected.

Now they are married, may they be
 As happy as my spouse and me,
 And ne'er repent.

93.

Without the blessings which my *first* bestows,
 This life would surely prove the worst of woes:
 My *next* a service, Popish priests perform,
 O guard me from such superstitious form!
 My *whole* should cause, the grateful tear to start,
 'Tis calculated well, to warm each heart.

94.

When round my daughter's graceful *first*,
 My costly *next* appears;
 Should aught arise to cause distrust,
 How bitter were my tears.

My *whole*, her Grandmamma bestowed
 Upon her natal day;
 When every cheek with pleasure glowed,
 And all around were gay.

95.

My lordly *first* you've seen, no doubt,
 In social life, or ball, or rout;
 In cloister'd walls, or prison drear,
 A prey to joy, to grief, or fear:
 'Tis good, 'tis bad, or just so, so,—
 Dressed out with pride, or any how.—

To know my *second*, view that poor old man,
 His pale and wrinkled visage duly scan;

He was my *third*—Alas! 'tis days gone by,
 He never will again assuredly:
 Are you my *whole*? If not, you must be reined,
 For those who will do wrong, must be restrained.

96.

My *first* is myself—but that's nothing to you;
 Oh! pray do not ask me my *second* to do!
 You may be my *third*, and reside in a Cot,
 I once was the same—but now I am not:
 My *whole* is considered somewhat of a treat,
 When nicely prepared, 'tis delicious to eat.

97.

My *first*—art thou my own sweet boy?
 Thy innocence affords me joy—
 I love thy idle prate;
 And so you want my *next*—to get
 Some little fish—but go not yet,
 My dear, at any rate.

Perhaps, when years shall onward roll,
 On some sweet girl you'll write my *whole*;
 And praise her hazel eyes:
 But if you should with me confer,
 I'd say, O! pray don't flatter her,
 My son, if you are wise.

ENIGMA.

98.

I'm one of three sisters—all graces confess
 They are almost divine, still I am the best;
 O! think me not vain, I am humble and kind,
 Compassionate, tender, of heavenly mind.
 I pity the culprit I cannot reclaim,
 Reviled or insulted I'm always the same;
 The afflicted appeal to me never in vain,
 I relieve, if I can—I dare not refrain.
 Should my means be so slender I've nought to
 bestow,
 I pray they may learn with submission to how:

I'm found in the garret—I visit the cell,
But acts of my own 'tis no pleasure to tell.

Or, I might observe, that I oftentimes send
My excellent sisters, and them recommend—
Each good in their way—but best when united,
Alas! very often, all are much slighted.

And now friend remember, should you be inclin'd,
My influence greatly presides o'er the mind;
Again I repeat, I'm no friend to display,
But found in the narrow and untrodden way.

ANAGRAMS.

99.

Pray spell me what some people do,
When any object they would view:
Now, if a trivial change takes place,
You have, methinks, what decks a case.

Another change, presents a bird,
Whose note, most likely, you have heard:

Another change, what holds your meat,
Your hat and wig, and cap complete.

Three changes more in order meet,
You have what makes it fit to eat;
A place that screens from observation,
An antique term of exclamation.

100.

Beauty possesses me, 'tis said,
When I'm complete and wear a head—
But, if without my head you meet me,
Some dire mischief is sure to greet ye:
Yet, if another head I lose,
I may defend you from your foes;
Transpose me now, and you obtain,
What grazes on a flowery plain:
Complete, transpose aright and say—
If ever I appear in May.

CONUNDRUMS.

101.

What Ecclesiastic denotes a deadly instrument?

102.

In what ship does the mind suffer most pain
and most pleasure?

REBUS.

103.

That, that is as light as love,
What is black I well can prove;
What has water all around,
A riddle that does oft astound:
That which is reverse to old,
And what is prostrate, I am told—

These letters united will clearly impart,
A companion, deservedly dear to my heart.

MUSICIANS.

104.

1. Two thirds of a cap, a consonant and what
is opposed to nature. 2. A measure of 4 inches,
and another of a yard and a quarter. 3. What

is woven and two-fifths of mistake. 4. A jot, a vowel and three fourths of an Irish foot soldier. 5. Three-fifths of a sea plant and two-thirds of a bone. 6. One of the chief order of the clergy. 7. Three-sevenths of a thin slip of wood and what is pertaining to us. 8. To ensnare. 9. Half a bandage and half a village. 10. A defence. 11. A place of traffic, a preposition and myself. 12. To wash over with gold and half a valuable gem.

CHARADES.

105.

On my favorite tree,
 My *first* you may see,
 And hear it sometimes too, I reckon;
 But put in my *next*,
 Ah! see how perplexed,
 He now cannot come—if you beckon.

 My *whole*, I dare say,
 At this time of day,

Tho' a prison—is slightly regarded;
 But I cannot smile,
 When in durance so vile,
 Its merits, thus ill, are rewarded.

106.

On my *first*—see infant sweetness,
 Innocence, and childhood's meekness:
 My *second*—so the Sages say—
 Helps old Time to speed away—
 Teaches birds to soar on high,
 To thy gold—is very nigh:
 My *whole*, no doubt, would seem afraid,
 Did not my second lend its aid.

107.

My *first*, when fresh, is very nice,
 I wish I had it now;
 In Winter time to get a slice,
 Is quite a treat, I vow.

My *second* is an idle thing,
 To me a great annoyance;
 My *whole* appears, when welcome Spring
 Puts on its garb of joyance.

108.

Two letters *first*—a river will name,
 Take your map and trace the same;
 My *second*, what a cool retreat
 From the sun's o'erpowering heat.

In time of war in much request—
 Used where Gipsies do infest:
 And when a goose our friends last sent,
 We did my *third*, and don't repent.

My *whole* is a being, wealthy and great,
 At your peril his virtues underrate.

109.

My *first* is an honest old Grecian you'll find,
 Who takes due precedence of all of his kind:

My *next*, if you do you may lose—
 My *total*—Ah! well I remember the time,
 The slightest omission was reckoned a crime;
 The same you may tell, if you choose.

110.

When you measure and cut off my *first*, be
 careful that you do my *second*;—make no delay,
 for as midnight approaches, I shall altogether
 disappear.

ENIGMA.

111.

Of divers shapes and ever varying hue,
 An humble friend, ye fair, I wait on you;
 To lend assistance—prompt at every call,
 You I assist to dress for birthnight ball.
 And finely decked, with you I oft repair,
 Essential services to render there:
 Changing my size, attired in costume gay,
 A glittering sentence often I display.

A compliment, or motto, oft I bear,
 To certain strangers who're expected there:
 With honest industry I am ever seen,
 Tho' I have graced the toilet of a Queen.
 Of homely form—with tape or ribbon tied,
 Oft I am found by village matron's side;—
 Since at your birth, dear Ladies, I attend,
 And ever prove myself a useful friend.
 To me, your gratitude is justly due,
 But you, alas! oft pierce me through and
 through,
 Till my poor skin, all lacerate and torn,
 You toss me from you with insulting scorn.
 More I could say, but you, perchance, would
 blame,—
 Then kindly condescend to tell my name.

ANAGRAMS.

112.

Raised by affection's gentle hand,
 An humble monument I stand;

And if my head should disappear,
 Sweet sounds, perchance, may meet your ear:
 This sound curtail'd, you have in view,
 What fashion's votaries pursue—
 Another head now take away,
 A number I shall then display;
 Transposed, may you ever find
 Your pocket-book with me well lined.

113.

Complete, I'm young William, that ploughs the
 salt sea;
 Reversed, am a reptile—would fright you and
 me:
 Transpose me, and see what cunning folks have,
 A concomitant part of the swindler and knave.

CONUNDRUMS.

114.

What title do I name, when I request a person
 to make a bet?

115.

Can you form an hypocrite of the principal character in the coronation, and a small insect?

REBUS.

116.

A lawgiver, ere glad tidings came on earth,
 A Canton, where the bravest hearts had birth;
 A Spanish poet, decked with laurels gay,
 A skilful surgeon follows in the way:
 A wise chronologist, with hoary head,
 A smiling Goddess o'er an infant's bed;
 These heads arranged, will prove so bright and
 clear,
 A calm blue sky, and flow'rets blooming near.

MATHEMATICIANS.

117.

1. Two-sixths of praise, a consonant and a covering. 2. A pin's head, four-tenths of toleration and a possessive pronoun. 3. A part of

Greece and a murderous appearance. 4. A hand carriage. 5. Falsehood and a horse. 6. The reverse of old and a weight. 7. What is not near and three-fourths of fish. 8. Four-sevenths of to loiter, half a Turkish priest and a youth. 9. What many take after dinner and three-fifths of a bellman. 10. A disguise, a city and a French negative. 11. What your father has been and half what is not right. 12. A game at cards and a preposition.

CHARADES.

118.

My *first*, when you're chidden, to give would be
 wrong,
 And deserving my *second*—but if you were young,
 I should say you were naughty indeed—
 Deserving the name of my *total* to bear,
 In all its attendant disgraces to share,
 Be guided by me, and take heed.

119.

See you, friend, that workhouse lad?
 My *first* must be his lot!—
 His father died!—and died—O! sad—
 On board my *next*—a shot

The mischief did!—his widow's heart
 Was broken!—and her boy,
 With parents both at once to part,
 No more felt boyhood's joy.

My *whole* he often has to bear—
 An orphan doomed to roam—
 Of straw his bed—and coarse his fare,
 The Parish house—his home.

120.

My *first* had its birth—ere the tenants of earth,
 A season that passeth away!
 'Tis long, or 'tis short—as it chance to be
 thought
 By the lonely, or lively, or gay.

My *second* is dress—but I leave you to guess,
 If useful, or merely for show;
 It is costly and fine—when you go out to dine,
 At home it is only so, so.

When my *first* does appear—my total you wear,
 For comfort and comeliness too;
 Tho' you may go without—I still have a doubt,
 If you such a measure pursue.

121.

My *first* is neither yours or mine,
 Yet whose—*it* plainly will define:
 If you are my *next*, shall I blame you, or pity?
 A term once applied to Irish banditti.

Though now in this country they hold a great
 sway,
 And seem quite resolved to have their own way;
 My *whole* is so useful, amusing, instructive,
 It seems to make Sages, Kings and Hero's again
 live.

122.

My first, round your waist
Before now has been placed :
My next, you have placed yourself in,
My whole, to old age
Belongs, I'll engage,
Though wanting a bottom, or pin.

123.

Prithee, Thomas, what makes you so sadly de-
jected?

Some crosses you've met with, I've heard;
You sigh! Ah! it is then as I have suspected,
But, Thomas, now take a friend's word.

That Heaven, in pity to poor sinful man,
Sends trials, for his good we are told;
And remember, the hand that afflicted you can
Restore you, your blessings tenfold.

Accept, friend, this book—a Bible it's name,
 Do my *first* to it every day;
 'Twould be well—if Jemima, your wife, did the
 same,
 I heartily hope that she may.

In that book you will read that St. Paul made
 my *next*,
 And my *whole* he had learned how to be—
 He was by disasters and troubles perplexed,
 Yet from gloom and repinings quite free.

ENIGMA.

124.

An emblem of innocence—in Nature so pure,
 That a character whiter, you've not seen, I'm
 sure;
 Yet cold and forlorn I am frequently found,
 And in bitter cold nights often sleep on the
 ground:

If you pity and warm me—such kindness is felt,
 My heart's overpower'd, and 'twill gradually
 melt:

Alas! human nature, ungrateful will prove,
 And give base returns for each office of love—
 Directly I'm able—I leave you and run,
 Should you turn to caress me, you'll find I'm
 gone.

ANAGRAMS.

125.

Complete, I'm a fruit of agreeable taste,
 Curtailed, a seed in the garden oft placed;
 Transposed, what the farmer in harvest will do,
 Beheaded, perchance, I may lend it to you.

120.

A word of few letters will bring into sight
 An odd little creature, that comes out at night;
 By changing a letter, I think I may say—
 A beast is presented that lives upon prey.

This letter displacing, put one in its stead,
 And you have what is nearly allied to the head;
 Again you have something that never is lean,
 Again you will have, what will keep a room
 clean.

Again what if naughty, to children we give,
 Again what they do, with some things they
 receive:

By changing once more, is presented to view,
 An animal small, of dark colour'd hue.

CONUNDRUMS.

127.

What instrument of music will tell a person to
 catch fish?

128.

What delight will a certain plea produce?

REBUS.

129.

The habitable globe, or mother earth,
 The land that gives a noble passion birth;

The coldest wind that can assail,
 A gate that opens to the mail:
 The mother of the human race,
 A current that you can't embrace;
 Join these initials, you will find
 Me, cruel, surly—cold, unkind.

HISTORIANS.

130.

1. Where we repose and a vowel. 2. A marker of bread. 3. A river, a letter and a cavern.
 4. Half a place of execution and three-fourths of the most solid part of the body. 5. A great warrior, a period and ourselves. 6. A deception and the capital of England. 7. Half the Pope's title, a letter and a temporary building.
 8. An Egyptian and the land of Uz, changing a letter. 9. Existence changing its end. 10. A Roman father, half 'a pigeon and us. 11. A consonant, the total and three-fourths of dust.

12. Five-elevenths of habitual silence and the oblique case of we.

CHARADES.

131.

Two-thirds of a number, my *first*,
 And when you lose not, do my *second*;
 My *third* is a Lady, I trust,
 A beauty, perchance, she is reckoned.

 My *total* are not far apart,
 Whether living or dead, 'tis no matter;
 They all may be found very smart,
 But seldom, I think, in a tatter.

132.

My *first's* not out, now there's a clue,
 My *second's* not in me, but you;
 My *third*—attentive ear now lend,
 You'll surely find it at the end.

 My *next*, if I must tell you true,
 Cry O! you have it, that will do:

My whole would sily intimate,
 What openly it can't relate.

133.

My first is a prop, and a useful prop too,
 Without it, I cannot tell what I should do;
My second is heard when the coach rattles by,
 And many have heard it, I fear, with a sigh;
My total does often a Lady adorn,
 Gentility now, almost holds it in scorn.

134.

How ugly, how squalid, how sickly, how wan,
 Such a look as my *first*, I ne'er saw you put on,
 Nor have I a wish—that I may;
 Do you ever play cards? if so—pray what game?
 No matter, in all, without any blame,
 There are four of my *next*—I'll e'en say.

Now let me advise you—my much valued friend,
 At making my *whole*, never once to pretend.

135.

My *first*, reversed, for my sweet boy,
 Becomes a very pleasing toy;
My *next*, in case of leather found,
 Upon the cold and dreary ground;
My *whole* within the earth you meet,
My first oft makes it fit to eat.

136.

My *first*, a refreshment, in which we delight,
 A portion, believe me, is every one's right,
 As a medicine—good for the head and the eyes;
 And should this strange news excite your sur-
 prise,
 Know also—that legs, arms and feet would be
 sorry,
 Did they never meet with it—would turn melan-
 choly.
My *second's* a metal, my *whole* is no more
 Than giving me what you took from me before.

ENIGMA.

137.

Though I'm not a friend to day,
 I'm near a kin to light:
 I love not darkness—yet must say,
 I'm seen the most at night.

ANAGRAMS.

138.

A period spell, which all do not attain,
 Yet many wish; a period of pain:
 A letter add—a prison you will see,
 A letter change, then it a fruit will be.

Now change again, and you may quickly look
 On what is found in every sort of book;
 Changing again, it may occasion sadness,
 For you're presented with a sort of madness.

But change again, and lo! a form appears,
 Wise by experience and protracted years:

Now change again, and add a letter too,
Reward of faithful services you view.

139.

Complete, I am found to adhere,
Beheaded, I quit you, 'tis clear.

CONUNDRUMS.

140.

Why is a gentleman, who marries a spinster, like
one who puts a wrong meaning on your
words?

141.

Tell me what theatrical representation will name
a Village?

REBUS.

142.

A sprightly old fabulist, pretty well known,
A letter reversed, when seen in a loan;

The head of a fish, often caught by a fly,
 What is useful at tea-time, you cannot deny:
 What is in your face at all times of the year,
 What in the Thames Tunnel dares twice to
 appear;
 Join these together, and they will display
 The time when I love with my children to play.

DIVINES.

143.

1. A blister, altering a letter. 2. Four-fifths
 of a bird and the French for *ocean*. 3. A fowl
 and a grain. 4. A precious stone. 5. A vege-
 table protuberance, altering a letter. 6. Half
 a leaf and the ground. 7. What is not high and
 two-thirds of an article. 8. The beginning of
 perfection and the French for *curtains*. 9. Half
 an Enigma and an enclosure. 10. A Wine and
 four-sevenths of what is frightful. 11. More
 than half a small gate, and animal existence,

adding a letter. 12. Three-fourths of a point
and an enclosure.

CHARADES.

144.

My first is often viewed with pride,
My next a tenement of clay;
My third Britannia has supplied
 With silver, gold, and treasures gay.

My whole is often to be seen
 At mountebank, or Village fair;
 Upon the daisy spangled green,
 Where rustic Maids and Swains repair.

145.

My first, when I wish you to leave me, I say,
My next is a weapon that throws;
My whole is a bird—I should like one to-day,
 You would not object, I suppose.

146.

My *first* at the door is presently found,
 My *second's* two-thirds of a grain;
 In my *third* many people are said to abound,
 Tho' health it can never obtain :
 To engage in my *whole*, should I ever consent,
 I hope I shall never have cause to repent.

147.

My *first* in archery is known,
 Sly Cupid holds one of his own;
 A spiteful little thing,
 At hearts—Ah! there's the urchin's drift,
 'Gainst them his tiny arms uplift,
 His arrows sharp to fling.
 My *next*, folks are so greedy grown,
 That now they're not content with one,
 Two to my first they'll have;
 Alack-a-day! why should I think—
 They would from plural numbers shrink,
 Though one's enough to crave.

My *first* to my *whole*, is of service, no doubt,
I can't very well see—how it could do without.

148.

My *first* is often seen in wood, forest or grove,
My *second*, they say, is related to love;
My *whole* is a something the hedges produce,
And found in consumptions, sometimes, of much
use.

149.

How smart is my *first*, on your baby's best caps,
My *next* is a levy, you pay it, perhaps.

ENIGMA.

150.

Exiled from Greece, I fled to antient Rome,
And thence to Albion, where I found a home;
Deep skill'd in logic and poetic lore,
My name re-echoed from its tranquil shore.
Till meeting discord—in an evil hour,
I struck the Pope, and gave catholic power;

Became disloyal, and forsook the cause—
Of even Justice, and her peaceful laws.

Disowned the King and liberty's fair coast,
And joined rebellion's vengeful, direful host;
Hence poison, poignard, sword became my own,
And marked with blood my progress to the
throne.

I ruled the nation, but no peace I found,
Remorse o'ertook me with its rankling wound;
Misfortune followed, and a host of foes,
Condemned in dungeon's gloom to end my woes.

Yet I am bold, regardless of the smart—
In love I conquer, wounding not the heart;
I claim existence in an olden story,
Despise a Whig, but party with a Tory.

All Poets own me—Homer, Hesiod too,
Scott, Southey, Byron; Shakespeare, it is true,
Disowns me quite, and in his honest rage
Would blot my name from every Title page.

Odes, Sonnets, Poems, philosophy support,
 Claim half each book, and sometimes go to
 Court;

Despise the rich, and countenance the poor,
 And leave my bounty at the Cottage door.

Brave warriors, patriots, I to you belong,
 And join the chorus of the freeman's song;
 Ladies, my services are not for you,
 Your mothers justly claimed me as their due.

Your brothers, cousins, lovers, I attend,
 But fly the man, acknowledged as your friend;
 Last of my race, I'm found in Grecian school,
 And doomed to trace the progress of the fool.

ANAGRAMS.

151.

Let us haste to the river, my *whole*, John will do,
 Behead what he'll do, and his sister's name shew;
 Cut his sister's head off, and then you will hear
 What John did to his grandfather's peaches last
 year.

152.

With me, you reckon up by dozens—
 Your Aunts, your Uncles, and your Cousins;
 Behead me—and I have a doubt,
 You'll see that I am seldom out;
 Transpose me—I am black, you'll find,
 But tell my name, and never mind.

CONUNDRUMS.

153.

If I force a miser to that he disapproves, what
 Carpenter's tool am I like?

154.

What tool will name a buffoon?

REBUS.

155.

A noble, fine, sagacious beast,
 A patient quadruped, at least;
 The fleetest animal I know,
 A savage beast—a deadly foe:

Join these initials, they will shew—
Where the fragrant spices grow.

MEDICAL CHARACTERS.

156.

1. A view and what you may take in contention. 2. A curse and an enclosure for corn. 3. One who chooses, altering a letter. 4. A spoiled Child. 5. A quantity of lead and a measure. 6. A sportsman. 7. A favorite drink, beheaded and curtailed. 8. Wild fruit, a river, a letter and parish taxes. 9. A flowery pasture. 10. Part of a syphon, a cave and a pig's leg pickled. 11. My boy John and what he is. 12. A false head of hair and a spirituous liquor.

CHARADES.

157.

My *first* is myself, and my *second*, they say,
The ploughman will do as he plods on his way;
My *third* looks so neat in its modest attire,
United with sweetness—which all men admire.



My *whole* is oft seen in a quivering state,
 In various hues—at the feasts of the great:
 'Tis prepared for the sick, to the brewer a friend,
 Obtained from a fish, and a fracture will mend.

158.

My dear Mr. Brown, when you visit our town,
 And come to take tea—with Maria and me,
 My *first* you must do, and Master John, too;
 And should you object, I shall say, recollect.

Mr. Brown be polite, don't my anger excite,
 And do as we wish—you shall have a fine dish;
 Indeed, though I'm vext, I will do my *next*,
 To stay, then, you must, and partake of my
 first.

Now, dear Mr. Brown, that you're clever, I'll
 own,
 And therefore, can tell—my *whole*, very well;
 I'll write to your Ann, as soon as I can;
 Adieu, Mr. Brown, till you visit our town.

159.

My *first* is a fish, my *second's* the same;
 My *whole* is a fish—can you tell me its name.

160.

My *first*, in your gown, is a requisite part,
 So much so, without it, you soon would depart;
 My *second* is stout, healthy and able,
 Muscular, hardy, rough and stable;
 My stubborn *whole*, I guess, you've met,
 In some acquaintance, friend or pet.

161.

My *first* is white and black and blue,
 And red and green, and yellow too;
 And weak and strong, and clear and thick,
 Will make you well, and make you sick—
 And lively, merry, gay and tipsy,
 And fair and brown as any Gipseey.
 My *next*, in Winter time, is found,
 Most likely, where my first abound;

My *whole*, the merchant brings from spain,
 Though neither berry, bark, or grain.

162.

Sir, my *first* you are,
 I own—
 All the folk do so declare,
 In town—
 My *next's* a fish, you sent
 To me—
 I felt obliged, and you I went
 To see—
 You're well-behaved, and tall,
 And thin—
 You are my *whole*, and so are all
 Your kin.

ENIGMA.

163.

What vast importance do I oft convey,
 What agony I bring, what dire dismay;

Pleasure and pain, sad woe and gay delight,
Through me, coarse insults come, and words
polite.

Peace to the care-worn heart I often bring.
Alas! from others bitter tears do wring;
Yet, after all, there is no one of sense,
Would, for the gen'ral good, with me dispense.

ANAGRAMS.

164.

A beauteous beast, by all admired,
You may pursue it, till you're tired,
And catch it not; but if you do,
Just add another tail, or so,
You have what takes you back again,
Or bears you onward o'er the plain.

Losing a member—careful scan,
The features of that good old man;
Ask his advice, and then pursue it,
Reject it not, or you may rue it:

With skilful hand, take off his head,
A dire return, it must be said.

But when you have what now appears,
May you ne'er meet with scornful sneers;
But may your brow with peace be crowned,
While Sons and Grandsons gather round.

165.

Pray spell, if you please, a part of my face,
The first letter change, the hedges I grace;
Behead me again, I'm seed of a fruit,
Again, and at tea-time, most likely you do it:
Again, and you'll see what Baptists oft do,
Again, oh! beware, I shall make you cry oh!
By changing again, the way I propose—
You will find my abode at the end of your nose.

CONUNDRUMS.

166.

What implement of war is necessary in com-
pounding medicine?

167.

If I give you a square piece of paper with two pins on one side, three on the next, three on the next, and one on the next, of what game will it remind you?

REBUS.

168.

A flow'ret harbinger of Spring,
 A fruit that Merchants hither bring;
 The Latin for a *stingy weed*,
 A flower of gaudy hue, indeed:
 A poisonous herb—these will compose
 The gentlest breeze, that Nature blows.

MILITARY AND NAVAL CHARACTERS.

169.

1. Malt liquor, a cross and a fowl beheaded.
2. What fishermen do and the ocean.
3. A bear transposed, half a republican general and three-fourths of a bier.
4. A fish, an ornament and

a negative reversed. 5. A colour and a vessel.
 6. Two-thirds of his Majesty in the *Latin* tongue
 and what receives dainties. 7. A marsh and the
 end of time. 8. An initial, a measure and a
 boy. 9. Splendour and two-thirds of a visual
 organ. 10. A bugbear for children and a French
 Marshal. 11. An animal and a vowel. 12. A
 necessary trouble and a weight.

CHARADES.

170.

My *first* makes the landscape appear of one hue,
 Dull, gloomy and cheerless, and pensive to view;
My *second's* an ornament worn by the fair,
 Composed of materials, costly and rare :
 I have seen it myself in the face of the poor,
 And found it, sometimes, at the step of my door;
My *whole* is a floweret, so humble and sweet,
 I hail it with pleasure whenever we meet :

Like the child of oppression, it braves the rude
 blast,
 And dies in the sunshine of favour at last.

171.

Myself and my sister, went out for a walk,
 The evening was calm and serene;
 But gathering clouds interrupted our talk,
 Not a speck of blue sky could be seen.

My *first* overtook us, for shelter we hied,
 (For my *next* on my bonnet was spoiled;)
 To a neat little Cottage, built on the road side,
 As we were by the storm much annoyed.

After staying and chatting for some little while,
 The sun shone quite brightly again;
 It peep'd through the lattice, seem'd to say with
 a smile,
 Now resume your walk over the plain.

We did so—and raising our eyes to the sky,
 My *whole* very well we could see;
 'Twas a covenant—soon, no doubt, you'll descry,
 What to view gave such pleasure to me.

172.

When the unwelcome mandate came,
 From one, that here, I will not name;
 We had to do my *first*:
 How sad it is to bid adieu!
 To such a tender friend as you;
 Is it not Fortune's worst?
 Were I my *next*, how folks would stare,
 In splendour I should then appear,
 Commanding your attention;
 How many favours I could grant,
 Protect the houseless child of want,
 And others, I can mention.
 To do my *whole*, it must be wrong,
 To tyranny it does belong;

✓
 Poor Charles, the *first*, O! shame!
 To practice on so good a man,
 This barbarous and wicked plan,
 How much they were to blame!

173.

Ah! have you climbed the steep ascent,
 Be careful, or you may repent;
 These mountains are my *first*:
 When you descend, don't lose my *next*,
 You surely would be much perplex't,
 Of accidents the worst.

But if you should, ask honest Will,
 His business is the ground to till;
 He is my *third*—but how you'll quake,
 If my dread *whole* should overtake.

174.

My *first* I term an exclamation,
 My *next* are found in every nation;

My *total*, whether sound or sight,
The superstitious doth affright.

Makes rosey faces ashy pale,
Gives rise to many a village tale;
Fills youthful bosoms with despair,
Though often found, but empty air.

175.

Old ocean's prototype, my *first* you'll find,
That is, dear Madam, if you're so inclined;
My *next* your darling boy must surely be,
My *whole* abounds in compliments to thee:
That is, at Christmas time, when folks are gay,
And something every one will have to say.

ENIGMA.

176.

I credit give for what I have not seen,
And long to be where I have never been;
Behold that mourner overwhelmed with grief,
How blessed is he, if I should grant relief.

F 5.

And happy for the widow—would it be,
 Oppressed with sorrow, could she look thro' me:
 Altho' I seldom have to do with sight,
 I, notwithstanding, oft emit a light.

Gladly I cheer the Pilgrim on his way,
 To that fair City where's eternal day;
 By me unheeded is the worldling's call,
 I raise my eyes above, and trust for all.

ANAGRAMS.

177.

When I dined with his Lordship, so jocund and
 gay,
 Complete, at his table I found,
 What made a most brilliant and splendid display,
 The guests were all seated around.

'Twas proposed by a Lady to take off a part,
 It was instantly done, and behold,
 The time was displayed, when we were to depart,
 Though the Evening was chilly and cold.

Then his Lordship proposed we should alter the
rest,

We did so, and found for our labour,
That he who succeeded in telling it best,
Was Sir Jacob, a very near neighbour.

The Knight then proposed another remove,
Then we saw what we'd all of us done ;
A slight alteration he offer'd to prove,
We should have it before we went home.

178.

I'm going to be married, Ah! well you may stare,
Five letters will tell you the name of my fair;
A slight alteration will tell you as plain,
The dowry she brings to her favorite Swain.

CONUNDRUMS.

179.

What kind of Man, will name King Lear, and
Edward, the Black Prince?

108

180.

What two things at the entrance of a House
will tell you to worship a Lady?

REBUS.

181.

A fish, enclosed within a shell,
Another, slippery, so I tell;
Another, with voracious jaw,
Another, without shell or claw:
These bespeak a Painter's name,
Or whence the storm and tempest came.

STATESMEN.

182.

1. Four-sixths of a load, the French for *and*,
and a letter.
2. A vessel to drink out of, and
a circle changing a letter.
3. White and black.
4. A buzz and the fifth letter in the Alphabet.
5. Fine linen.
6. A fashionable Watering place.
7. Half a lame walk and a place of abode.
- 8.

Half a Philosopher and a fortification. 9. A thin rind. 10. An iron hook and a cavern. 11. A jot and the staff of life. 12. To conquer and a place that has numerous Pensioners.

CHARADES.

183.

Be thou my *first*, my darling boy,
 'Tis sure the height of human joy;
 To feel it—pleasure and delight:
 Besides, so lovely to the sight.
 My *second*, I hope you will be,
 And with your aged Sire agree;
 So when the world, with all its care,
 Shall call you in to take a share,
 My *total* may I long proclaim,
 To spread around your humble fame.

184.

My *first* is dismal, dark and drear,
 And made a sign of woe t' appear;

Though it might often designate,
The owners now have hearts elate.

Deceitful world, alas! how prone,
To boast of feelings not its own;
My *second*, Vulcan's vot'ry! true—
I trust not less esteemed by you:
My *whole's* the same, 'tis clear, no doubt,
And you my poor Charade make out.

185.

I do not often play at cards,
But sometimes when I do,
My *first* will name
A fav'rite game,
Its consequences too;
My *next* in rank, stands very high,
And frequently you may descry
A man of many cares:
He takes my next—when much perplexed
With national affairs—

My *whole* will show—without disguise,
Where every spot and blemish lies.

186.

It is an old woman's tradition,
Should you have been born in my *first*,
From a death of a certain description,
You're safe, if you only will trust.

'Tis a very great truth that my *next*,
Whenever you do take a walk,
You will see—so don't be perplex'd
When you meet me and happen to talk.

If the garden of John you should visit,
My *third*, no doubt, you'll admire;
All the hues of the rainbow are in it,
Alas! they're, but seen to expire.

But now if you come home with me,
My *whole* you shall have, don't be sad;
It is dinner time, so you will see,
And taste, if you like it my lad.

187.

My *first* is exquisitely white,
 Descending, rapid, pure and light;
 My *second* is a charming place,
 Replete with beauty, wit and grace:
 Where married, single, grave and gay,
 Meet to pass their time away;
 Urchins glory, when the weather
 Permits—my *total* form to gather.

188.

A wager was laid,
 Two men it is said,
 Did my *first* in my *next*,
 I should have been vex'd
 To have cut such a caper,
 Tho' my friends lost their wager;
 I much sooner would
 Do my *whole*, if I could,
 To a Miser's rich treasure,
 If it were his good pleasure.

ENIGMA.

180.

As I live by myself, which is often the case,
Perhaps you may deem me of batchelor race;
Stiff, stingy and churlish, illmanner'd; precise,
Conceited and pitiful, selfish, unwise:
I partake of all these—I confess, with a sigh,
But in every good quality, present am I!

For instance, I'm civil, religious and kind,
And contribute my share—in improving the
mind;

I wait on the Ladies, in parties and pairs,
When riding in chariots, chaises or chairs;
But with a lone Lady, I dare not appear,
My reception would be a loud laugh or a sneer.

I am sent to the Indies, sometimes, in a ship,
But I care not a fig—while I float in good flip;
Dance jigs with the sailors, partake of each
prize,

Get giddy with riches, and join the excise.

I am often in prison, though never in debt,
 And do not remember, I ever robbed yet;
 I am subject to penalties, forfeits and pains,
 The gibbet, the pillory, whipping and chains:
 My figure is seen high, floating in air,
 And I claim an acquaintance with good Doctor
 Blair.

ANAGRAMS.

190.

Complete, a favorite plant am I,
 Sacred to Lyric poesy;
 A trifling change—how clear, how bright,
 How welcome to each mortal's sight.

Another, and I'm thrown about,
 By every rude, illmanner'd lout;
 Yes, toss'd and turn'd and tumbled o'er,
 Although so much admired before.

Another, decked in plumage gay,
 I chatter all the live-long day;

My neighbours blame my idle prate,
But though they scold, they do not hate.

Another, lo! in pleasing guise,
I may obtain the mystic prize—
Offspring of the Poet's brain,
Free, unlabour'd, easy, plain.

Another, the reverse of grave,
A Poet's name you quickly have;
Another, and all Nature smiles
With charms, that rankling care beguiles.

Another, make one little trial,
And you may meet a flat denial;
Another, every honest man
Will do as quickly as he can.

Another, lo! I pierce the gloom
Of sable night, and in your room;
Emitted from the taper small,
It falls on table, chair or wall.

Another, half a proverb trite,
 I mean, if you arrange it right;
 Another, on you finger post,
 Will tell you if 'tis kept or lost.

By changing letters at the end,
 You have what does from dust defend;
 A little fish, some baby's food,
 A part of dress, what's found in wood.

A broken hedge, an earthen pan,
 Refreshment for a weary Man;
 An animal, what travellers carry,
 A verb, and here I beg to tarry.

191.

Behead what is subtle and keen,
 And a musical instrument's seen.

CONUNDRUMS.

192.

What article in stationery will name the founder
 of a sect, in America?

193.

What *French* word will tell that founder to sing?

REBUS.

194.

A teasing fly without a head,
 A grain, and what lone travellers dread;
 What is noted for its sap,
 Where I put my Sunday cap:
 Captain Parry, has been near—
 To what is shewn; but hidden here.

BIRDS.

195.

1. Pulse and a heap of hay. 2. Half a delicate fish and a necessary instrument. 3. A blockhead. 4. A vessel and the army, omitting a letter. 5. A precious metal, a consonant and a measure. 6. An indisposition. 7. An emblem of innocence. 8. What is not far, a metal and a storm. 9. What is above and a retreat

- from the deluge. 10. A luminary and a fish.
 11. His Majesty, half the revenue and a Lady.
 12. A celebrated architect.

CHARADES.

196.

- How loathsome my *first*, and unsightly to view,
 How cold to the touch, and forbidding its hue:
 An emblem of hatred, 'tis said;
 My *next*, a support, that often is found—
 To keep a tired member from touching the
 ground;
 Exactly reversed to the head.

- My *whole*, in the meadows is growing, but mind,
 Or you may mistake it for one of its kind,
 Which, doubtless, you often have seen;
 For many have found, to their sorrow and cost,
 By partaking thereof, they were very near lost,
 Although it was perfectly clean.

197.

My first, when confused on your face I can see,
I confess 'tis the case, as with you so with me;

How provoking it is, so you'll say—

My next, Ah! what passions conflicting are
there,

Good feelings and bad, of grave care no small
share,

To this statement you cannot say nay;

My whole wants no bidding to come to the feast,
Though of guests he assuredly must be the least.

198.

When Ben, the Sailor, came on shore,
With spirits gay, and cash galore,

My first he quickly had;

My next, some do, for wealth or fame,

For grandeur, or an empty name;

Not so, this worthy lad.

His heart was heart of British oak,

And bowed to nought, but beauty's yoke;

As noble hearts oft do—
 His sweetheart often was my *whole*,
 And made not much ado.

199.

Come, Betty, some friends I've invited to dine,
 These Ducks very nicely prepare;
 Here's my *first*, and it is an opinion of mine,
 With the Ducks, they'll prove excellent fare.

Now, as I expect my Aunt Tabby to come,
 My *next*, I have brought as a treat;
 (When the Hall clock strikes eight she'll go
 home,)
 Some Fish I like better than meat.

My *whole* is my *first*, I hope they are tender,
 Now Betty, just try them, I pray;
 Because if they're not, an excuse I must send
 her,
 I mean to Aunt Tabitha Wray.

121

200.

Were the whole at my table to give you my *first*,
Must be hospitality true;
To stand on my *second*, if lofty, who durst,
'Tis terrible even to view.

201.

My *first* is thick and cloudy,
Corrosive is my *next*;
Complete, I'm dark and low'ry,
Suspicion has perplex'd.

ENIGMA.

202.

That great man has me, the Emperor of Russia,
And you can claim me too,
Most certainly, so may his Highness of Prussia,
And him who blacks his shoe;
And Prince Hohenlohe,
Who miracles shew;

G

And orator Hunt,
 So open and blunt;
 Poor Prince le Boo,
 Turk, Frenchman, or Jew;
 Lawyer and Doctor,
 Preacher and Proctor;
 Maidens so pretty,
 Or Gents so witty;
 Sages so grave,
 The trusty or knave,
 Have of me
 Two or three.

ANAGRAMS.

203.

With head and tail complete I stand,
 A giant plant throughout the land;
 But if you take away my head,
 And place another in its stead,
 I instantly become a bird,
 Full often seen, more often heard.

Another change, your horse I grace,
 Improve his look and mend his pace;
 Changing again, my look and mien,
 On Ladies' heads I'm often seen:
 Another change will plainly show,
 What folks unwise at sin will do.

Another change makes me secure,
 The pelting storm I long endure;
 From age to age unmoved I keep
 My hidden base beneath the deep:
 Another change I must go through,
 Before I bid, a long, -adieu.—

You see me oft in Winter's cold,
 Protect alike the young and old;
 Defend the extremes from frost and storm,
 And could a shivering Beggar warm.

204.

Complete, I may fright you,
 Transposed, delight you.

CONUNDRUMS.

205.

What chemical apparatus will give a sharp
reply?

206.

What information will tell you when water is
not frozen?

REBUS.

207.

A liquor so strong,
An elegant song;
A colour so fine,
The head of the nine;
An insect so small,
What is common to all—
What children may nurse,
What has oft proved a curse;
A fruit on a tree,
And what you may be;

And where you reside,
 What may evil betide—
 What you have in your face,
 These initials now place,
 And a Poet appears,
 I have admired for years.

BEASTS.

208.

1. Two-thirds of falsehood and a refusal reversed. 2. Two-thirds of a pet and the greater part of anger. 3. Two-fifths of a monster and three-fifths of to establish. 4. An ell transposed, and a Spectre, wanting a letter. 5. A Constellation. 6. A sort of Unicorn. 7. Half ardour and three-fourths of a boast. 8. To exist and to declare. 9. Renown, changing a letter, to cut short and three-fourths of a card. 10. Part of a bridle and a forest animal. 11. Four-fifths of a portico, a vowel and to languish. 12. Half an infant and a gift.

CHARADES.

209.

My *first* on right and left is found,
Uprising, sometimes, from the ground;
But frequently I go in pairs,
And various shapes, my nature bears.

Throughout the world, with rich and poor,
My state, I with content endure;
Yet think it hard, to have a box
Surrounded by so many locks.

My *next* is worn by Ladies fair,
With Gentlemen it is more rare;
My *total* is an Insect small,
I leave my friends its name to call.

210.

Edward was an idle boy,
Books he liked not, but a toy
Was the silly Urchin's joy.

Truant he would often play,
 Stay from school the live-long day,
 Vain was all his friends could say.

My *first* he often did receive,
 But yet, if you will me believe,
 Nought his actions could retrieve.

My *second* plainly will express
 He spent his time in idleness,
 And that, you know, is wickedness.

My *total* is as quick as thought,
 Old Time—this boy experience taught,
 He found that it was dearly bought.

211.

Sir Richard woo'd the Lady Ann,
 They were a graceful pair;
 He was an all-accomplished man,
 The Lady passing fair.

Unwelcome tidings caught her ear,
 She sought her Country seat;
 He seized my *first*—misgiving fear,
 His anguish made complete.

My *next* was there, and soothing tried
 To calm his troubled mind;
 Told him—my first, if well employ'd,
 Would kind acceptance find.

“ I cannot bear her cold disdain,
 “ I’ve been in battle field;
 “ Have had my friend beside me slain,
 “ My noble charger killed.”

I’ve slept on arms beneath my next,
 Reverse of Fortune proved;
 “ But ne’er before was half so vext,
 “ For I have fondly loved.”

Peace, peace, my friend, your fault confess,
 And when my *whole* you are;
 You’ll be forgiven—so I guess,
 In future pray beware.

212.

My *first* is found on the head of an anchorite,
 None dare there question its right;
 My *next*, with wine, is goodly cheer,
 I generally taste it once a year;
 For my *third*, in the ball room stray, }
 View the feet of the Ladies gay, }
 See them trip and glide away;
 Ever, my *whole*, may you possess—
 In wealth, in health and happiness.

213.

Oh! Mary, dry that falling tear,
 My *second*, may my *first* appear,
 For all what people say;
 You yet may be young Walter's bride,
 My pleasing *third*, may yet be tied—
 On some auspicious day:
 My *total*, ere he bid adieu,
 I'm well aware, he gave to you.

214.

My *first* is a part, and that's all you can say,
A female my *next*—either serious or gay:
My *whole* may enquire where you went to to-day.

ENIGMA.

215.

If walking you go—
 I may be in your shoe,
 And the pretty fields too;

 When the lark rises high—
 In the azure blue sky,
 Then the labourers hie—

 To the place of my birth,
 With much laughter and mirth,
 Lay me prostrate on earth;

 Their Children so small,
 Wives, Neighbours and all,
 Take me up as I fall;

When the Sun in the West—
Is sinking to rest,
And the bird seeks her nest.

They bear me away—
To their cottage of clay,
Till a wintry day.

ANAGRAMS.

216.

I went out to dine, but alas! I was late,
Yet my friend was considerate and kind:
She said, "Take my whole,"—down I instantly
sate,
Delighted, such goodness to find.

I took it, O dear, my friend cut off its head,
Then press'd me to do it—so what could I say;
There was nothing, believe me, would please her
instead,
But, in truth, that is always her way.

Well, nothing would do, but she must transpose,
 And make me take *that* which I did;
 For objections were useless, tho' twice I arose,
 "Sit down," she repeatedly said.

217.

Behead where you're sitting, within doors, I
 mean,
 Tell Mary to take it, and keep the same clean.

CONUNDRUMS.

218.

What English term for *cooking*, and French for
water, will name a French poet and emi-
 nent wit?

219.

What fruit will name a shell-fish?

REBUS.

220.

The smallest likeness of my friend,
 A Parent to us all;
 What Barcelona oft does send,
 What's near enough to call:
 What twines so neatly round a tree,
 What Poets name a Lady;
 What in the fields there needs must be,
 The head of Thomas Grady:
 Where carriages and carts are seen,
 What makes a custard good;
 The Country where our King has been,
 I think, from his boyhood.

These letters joined, will soon denote
 The place where this Rebus was wrote.

FISH.

221.

1. The beginning of this Book and what Sta-

tioners deal in. 2. A sign of the Zodiac. 3. Half a coin, three-fifths of a bottle and a consonant. 4. Past possession and a Ship-builder's yard. 5. A clumsy person and four-sixths of a sentimentalist. 6. Three-fifths of a fine and an obstacle. 7. Three-fifths of a term in music and the present moment. 8. A Cossack's weapon of defence. 9. A measure. 10. A dwarf. 11. Half a vegetable and half a vessel. 12. A number and half idle conversation.

CHARADES.

222.

My *first* a lustre sheds around,
 My *second* oft in hand is found;
 My *whole* contains my brilliant first,
 Which quickly fades, and turns to dust.

223.

An abbreviation of Papa,
 And what is worn by dear Mamma,

A noble dwelling house will name,
Methinks you soon may tell the same.

224.

The noisy drum's discordant sound,
Throughout my *first* doth oft resound;
A Conic form's my *second*:
Which furnished with a clamorous tongue,
And that, alas! so glibly hung,
A nuisance may be reckoned.

Though liable to great abuse,
It may be made of ample use,
As every day can show it;
My *total* I have never seen,
Although he many years has been
A celebrated Poet.

225.

My *first* is benevolent, gentle and free,
Ah! Mary, I trust you will prove so to me;

The glow of affection that's spread o'er your
cheek

Is my *next*, and my first does bespeak.

Your Parents, dear Girl, are my *total* to you,
And your Harry, delighted, will soon be so too;
That is—if to love him you are nothing loath,
And plight at the altar of Hymen your troth.

226.

You take my *first* to make my *next*,
But lest you are too much perplex'd,

A little more I'll tell:

When you are taken very ill,
The Doctor sends a Draught and Pill,
You take them—very well.

My *whole* in haste the Nurse prepares,
And careful carries up the stairs,

As Nurses always should;
Perchance you may not relish it,
Well, never mind—you must submit,
I hope 'twill do you good.

227.

My *first* is an act that is open and free;
 My *next* on your table assists you at tea:
 My *whole* do not do to my second so gay,
 For mischief would follow—I'll venture to say.

ENIGMA.

228.

What Nature craves—I take not more,
 And when she craves, but not before;
 Those lovely Maids, content and health,
 Are in my train, and sometimes wealth.

Unthinking Boy—blind custom's vot'ry,
 Punishment will meet your folly;
 If in continuance you persist,
 And kind persuasions—all resist.

ANAGRAMS.

229.

When Collin met Peggy one day in the lane,
 The Lassie received him with frowns and disdain;

"Tis true he was late,—was expected before,
 But misfortunes will happen—he loved her, I'm
 sure.

" Forgive me, my Peggy, he cried"—and my
 whole,
 I am told, over his fine manly countenance stole;
 " I should have been with you ten minutes ago,
 But the 'Squire I o'ertook in the valley below."

A pardon was granted, and dropping a letter,
 See the distance they walked, or perhaps you
 had better

Transpose the same distance, and then you will
 see

That they seated themselves 'neath their favorite
 tree.

Complete me and eat me,
 Behead me and dread me.

CONUNDRUMS.

231.

Pray what relation was your Father to his Father's only Son?

232.

What Philosopher will name a new mode?

REBUS.

233.

A part of speech,

What you can't reach;

A sort of bone,

And precious stone:

- Their initials, a part of the world will tell,
Where a very great Prophet deigned to dwell.

234.

INSECTS.

1. A relative, wanting a letter.
2. A member of an industrious community.
3. A heavy mallet.
4. A manly game.
5. To provide and

- a support. 6. An organ and a cake. 7. What you cannot do. 8. Herbage and a seed basket. 9. Three-fifths of an Animal and a covering. 10. An interjection and four-sixths of habitual practice. 11. A consonant and pride transposed. 12. Past time and the beginning of the present.

CHARADES.

235.

My first, in your chamber is frequently seen,
With two hands and a face, which should always
be clean;

My second, I'm told, is Lord of Creation,
Who vaunteth himself on his vast elevation:
My whole is a something, which guards you from
harm,

Though oft its gruff accents occasion alarm.

236.

A faithful servant Man I had—

Of Irish birth—*my first* his name;

A brave and very honest lad,

I seldom had to scold or blame.

To quell my *next*—was always ready,
 Was prompt at every call;
 I liked the youth, for he was steady,
 Obliging found to all.

And though, but young, my *whole* he was,
 He loved his King quite well;
 He loved his Country, loved her Laws,
 So, what was he? pray tell.

237.

My *first*, in varied form is found—
 On Winter Evenings to abound;
 My *next* has been in many rivers,
 By storms distress'd, and dash'd to shivers,
 Or taken in another sense,
 To added weight has no pretence:
 My *next* is noted for his speed,
 Which, you will own, is great indeed;
 His business is to tend my first,
 And keep it clean from smoke and dust.

238.

My *first* is my Sweetheart—I gave her my *next*,
 We quickly were married, so don't be perplex'd;
 I love so sincerely, that sooner than part,
 On my *whole* I would dine, Sir, with lightness
 of heart.

239.

Hark! within the neighbouring field,
 Its sound my noble *first* doth yield;
 Where the timid flock doth stray—
 The shepherd tunes his rustic lay.

So with heart's-ease in the vale,
 My *second* tells his homely tale;
 Smokes his pipe, and cracks his joke,
 And thinks himself like other folk.

But should he venture to the City,
 Thinking, there, to be quite witty;
 He, my *whole*, perchance, may meet,
 Passing quickly through the street.

240.

My *first* is a wing, though no part of a bird,
My *next* is a friend or connection, I've heard,
My *whole* is conclusive, you may take my word.

ENIGMA.

241.

The chief of an army, a sharer of wealth,
Thro' every campaign, I continue in health;
Unconquer'd at present, and safe in retreat,
I brave with my comrades—the battle's dire heat.

In every engagement I fall with the slain,
And add to the carnage that deluge the plain;
No beauty in England survives my omission,
Tho' I ne'er have been known to folk of condi-
tion.

I go with the ladies to park or parade,
To parties of pleasure, the play, masquerade;

On water excursions, on journies by land,
 Always seen in Cheapside, the Exchange and
 the Strand.

The companion of tyrants, yet true to the slave,
 Caress'd and approved by the gay and the
 grave;

Love, friendship and honor I never profess,
 Ambition and avarice my presence confess.

Both goodness and virtue to me are unknown,
 Yet the truest affection, to all I have shewn;
 Good-nature and candour my presence adorn,
 The Sage and the Scholar ne'er laugh me 'to
 scorn.

I'm frequently seen in his Majesty's hand,
 And when he commands me, I gladden the land;
 But already, good people, enough has been
 said,

If not—I advise you to look in your head.

ANAGRAMS.

242.

My total, permission,

Beheaded, to scold;

Another omission,

Industry behold.

243.

Complete around the forest King,

My ragged coat I always fling;

Losing a member, you may see

Where learned wranglers disagree:

Beheaded, what in days of yore,

All human Beings held, and more.

A letter change, you cannot see,

For all things are confused by me;

Another, and a songster sweet,

With pleasure hailed by all who meet:

Another, and with harmless Sheep,

My well-known character I keep.

H

Another, and your Country seat
 May be considered quite complete;
 Now to my last a letter add,
 And lo! a very pretty lad:
 Sure to be seen where fashion reigns,
 And you may take him for your pains.

CONUNDRUMS.

244.

What Vessel will name a kiss?

245.

My window has what a King has, What has
 a King?

REBUS.

246.

Take an Historian of note,
 And place him—by a Poet;
 Then fetch my Lord Chief Justice Coke,
 For he, depend, won't know it.

Take a famous King of Rome,
 An Opera Composer;
 A Country—from whence figs have come,
 And place beside your Mother.

Another Poet forward bring,
 Initials then unite;
 A Greek Philosopher I sing,
 A moral founder write.

MINERALS.

247.

1. What sluggards are advised to regard, a pronoun and money, wanting a vowel. 2. The Latin for *twice* and a Moth, changing a vowel. 3. A large boiler. 4. Age beheaded. 5. A personal pronoun and three-fourths of a stinted Animal. 6. To conduct. 7. The messenger of the Gods. 8. An exact point of time and two-thirds of a slippery Fish. 9. A small piece of ground, a preposition and a vowel. 10. Three-

fourths of silk and three-fifths of a pirate.' 11.
 A letter and a preposition. 12. Head of a
 merry fellow and three-fourths of an inch..

CHARADES.

248.

My darling Child, just six months old,
 Begins to do my *first*, I'm told;

If Nurse, may be believed:

Much better than the baby race,
 She loves her charge, and so can trace,
 Superior charms indeed.

My *next* I am, and you may be,
 Oh! if you are, may you ne'er see

What many persons do—

A sad return for all your care,
 'Twould hurry me to dark despair,
 And break my heart, 'tis true.

Should you, my children, ever meet,
 What makes my *total* form complete;

May you submissive bend :
 Ah! may she prove to each of you
 Sincere, affectionate, and true
 Adviser, guardian, friend.

249.

My *first* in my *next*, on the wall is oft led,
 It cheers both the eye and the heart;
 In colour, 'tis neither blue, yellow or red,
 If it bear, I'll present you with part.

250.

Honest Sam is my *first*, if a letter you change,
 A worthy old fellow, but thought rather strange;
 When troubles arise to cause Sammy vexation,
 My *second* is often his sad exclamation:
 My *next*, though he's aged, he walks every day,
 His spirits are light, though his tresses are grey;
 My *whole* in his garden, he grows with much care,
 I frequently purchase, what he has to spare.

Maria was my playmate,
The friend so near my heart;
From morning's dawn till twilight,
We seldom were apart.

Maria grew up and married,
Now in my *first* is quite,
At home I've always tarried;
But am I treated right?

Maria has forgotten,
Her childhood's friendship now—
Amid the world of fashion,
Of pageantry and show.

'Tis true I'm poor and needy,
Supported by my *next*;
For riches I'm not greedy,
But yet, I do feel vex.

Had Fortune favor'd me so,
 I would not have deserted;
 A schoolfellow and friend—oh!
 I feel quite disconcerted.

Oh! may my *total* teach me,
 My wishes here to bound;
 For friendship, I too plainly see,
 Is but an empty sound.

252.

When on a journey I have been,
 To do my *first* most likely seen;
 My *next* is to adhere—
 My *total*, all my journey through,
 A firm support has been, and lo,
 Is it not present here?

253.

My *first* is to ponder, my *second's* Miss Pussey,
 My *third* is a vowel, my *next* is this country;

My whole is uniting—this word as a link,
And making one of them, you know it, I think.

ENIGMA.

254.

My worth! ah, who can estimate?
By some neglected till too late—
The Peasant's friend, the rich Man's guide,
'Tis at your peril—you deride;
My purpose great, my cost but small,
But faithful found to one and all.

ANAGRAMS.

255.

O pray, Mamma, said little Miss,
At dinner, Yesterday,
Can you tell me a little fish,
Whose title will display.—

I mean, if you cut off its head,
What very oft you give;
And soldiers too—so Emma said,
May frequently receive.—

And Martha says, a letter lost—

Will shew you very plain,

Where we all went the other day,

Sweet exercise to gain.

And more than that, my dear Mamma!

Rejoin'd my favorite Leah;

If you transpose what soldiers have,

See what you took last year.

256.

Complete, I'm to cavil, to censure, to blame,

And there is a fish that expresses the same.

CONUNDRUMS.

257.

What fish will name a droll?

258.

What is that which a fine Lady wears on her
shoulder when she goes out, that at the same
time she leaves in her Drawing-room and
on her kitchen Maid?

REBUS.

259.

The winding stream, that gently flows,

A plant of peace that lovely grows;

The plain once dyed in human gore,

The gallery I would fain explore:

Where the polish'd arts had birth,

A noted warrior now in earth.

A precious gem, from India brought,

A British King—reformer, thought,

A distant Country often sought.

A town, by earthquakes oft destroyed,

A state, which slaves have much enjoyed:

Join these initials, you may trace—

A lover of the human race,

Residing in or near the City,

Eccentric, kind, facetious, witty;

For others' good he prays and preaches,

And by his bright example teaches.

FLOWERS.

260.

1. A secret curtailed. 2. A war chariot and what England is. 3. A numerical letter and affection. 4. An animal and a false step. 5. Half a Foreigner, an article, two vowels and a letter. 6. A precious stone. 7. What many have not, but all desire. 8. Half a river and a useful fluid. 9. An herb, an insect and three-fourths of a reformer. 10. A formal flower. 11. A Roman pronoun and part of the face. 12. A musical instrument, a vowel and a consonant.

CHARADES.

261.

My *first* is three-quarters of a very small animal, numerous and unwelcome; my *second* you may do through the narrow part of a river; my *whole* is well-known in the walk of Literature.

262.

If my *first* you seek to know,
 'Tis in Mother Earth, and lo!
 In the same my *next* is found,
 Costly, precious, square and round;
 My *whole*, some people will declare,
 In love and war is reckon'd fair.

263.

My *first* and *next*, two lasses gay,
 In yonder Cot reside;
 Tired with the business of the day,
 With friendship for my guide.—
 Thither my willing steps I bent,
 One Summer's Eve, last year;
 To crave a boon—and gain consent,
 Ask not, for you shall hear.
 The time in social converse flew,
 I rose to take my leave;
 But ere I bid my last adieu,
 That boon I did receive.

An emblem of my lovely *first*,
 Beside the porch it sprung;
 A flow'ret and her name—it must
 In these rude lays be sung.

And to my *next*, I said, should you
 Do what your name implies;
 Your path, as now, with truth pursue,
 And gain the offer'd prize.

My *whole*, in yonder blooming bed,
 Its fragrance casts around;
 Grant me a spray, when life is fled,
 To deck my grassy mound.

264.

My *first* is quite sudden, my *second's* to kill,
 My *whole* may just fright you, fit can't do any ill.

265.

What Brewers use will name my *first*,
 My *next*, myself, I humbly trust:

What often holds a beverage good,
 Must make my *third* quite understood;
 My *whole*, don't look for it at home,
 You'll find it, if you go to Rome.

286.

I knock'd at the door, but my friend was gone
 out,

So I took out a case—gave Molly my *first*;
 Mind, when your Mistress returns from the rout,
 Present it—for see her I must.

My *next* is a species of torture and woe,
 Never used in this Country so free;
 If one of my friends should be punish'd just so,
 'Twould be a great trouble to me.

So Molly, good day, put my first in my *total*,
 You're certain then not to mislay;
 On your Mistress again I shall very soon call,
 I trust she will be in the way.

ENIGMA.

287.

Good people, when the world was drown'd,
Within the Ark—myself I found,
 And safety sought with Noah;
With Adam—lived in Paradise,
With Abel—offer'd sacrifice,
 And graced the plain of Zoar.

When wretched Cain, his Brother slew,
I was with him and Isaac too,
 When offer'd by his Sire;
Strengthen'd the faith of Abraham,
And suffer'd with the bleeding Ram,
 Though not consumed by fire.

I felt the Egyptian bondsmen's smart,
Though in relentless Pharoah's heart,
 I then had my abode;
'Twas I completed every task,
Yet when they dared a favor ask,
 I added to their load.

ANAGRAMS.

268.

Complete, an instrument of war,
 Too often seen, too often felt;
 Beheaded, and 'tis eaten raw,
 I mean, if 'tis correctly spelt.

Behead again, a member see,
 Sometimes of use to you and me;
 Reverse the first—a labour hard,
 That often brings its own reward:
 Transpose it, and behold a seed
 That is of varied use indeed.

269.

Complete, I'm worn by beau and belle,
 Beheaded, hidden, who can tell
 Where my fatal form I hide;
 Venture not—without a guide,
 Lest your hapless bark should strike,
 Foe or friend—I serve alike.

Now transpose and draw me out,
 Light I am, and firm, no doubt:
 For I keep secure for years,
 What your drooping spirit cheers.

CONUNDRUMS.

270.

Why was my Grandmother like a Barrister?

271.

A dexterous fop is a Child's plaything.—Why
 is he so?

REBUS.

272.

He that slew Goliath of Gath,
 The founder of the blue-coat school;
 He who greatest power hath,
 An Eastern tyrant, passion's tool;

Him that is opposed to us,
 A town destroy'd by fire and pillage:
 Place them all in order thus,
 And see my much-loved native Village.

FRUITS.

273.

1. The fourth month curtailed and a place of repose for an Infant. 2. Two-thirds of an ape and half a pledge. 3. A faithful animal and violent language. 4. Half a number. 5. The Latin for *honey* and a preposition. 6. A busy-body. 7. A mythological drink and wine, wanting a letter. 8. An exclamation and to set in order. 9. Two-thirds of a pea and pain. 10. A gem, losing a letter. 11. A large sum of money. 12. A file and a pericarp.

274.

Hey! Giles, why look so sheepish, lad?
 I am glad to see thee warmly clad;

Because my *first* you are:
 And more than that, an honest boy,
 And well deserving of employ,
 Your wages and your fare.

In saving all your given pence,
 You have acted like a boy of sense;
 And now have your reward:
 This tidy coat upon your back,
 Just now—as work is very slack,
 Looks well, upon my word.

Well, you are welcome to my *next*,
 I should have sorry been, and 'vext,
 To lose the sight of one,
 Whose Father served me many years,
 And when he died, unbidden tears
 Told humble worth was gone.

To save your Mother from my *third*,
 I know you strive, and 'pon my word,

Much merit is your due :
 The sons of opulence and pride,
 Your honest actions may deride,
 But dare not copy you.

275.

My *first* implies action—my *second's* the sea,
 If I e'er have my *whole*, I shall fortunate be.

276.

When Jephthah made my cruel *first*,
 Say—was he not to blame?
 'Twill never be my fate, I trust,
 To do the very same.

Two-thirds of what a measure is,
 My *second* will explain;
 My *total* has both I and you,
 And others in its train.

277.

Returning from London,
I travelled by Post;
I thought I could reckon
On Robbers a host.

But much to my pleasure,
At home I arrived;
As my *first* will express—and ne'er
Once was annoyed.

My *next*—trusty friend,
Sat close by my side,
His attendance to lend,
Now do not deride.

I thought him my *total*,
Judged—he'd conquer all foes;
He was willing and able,
Might have killed them—who knows.

278.

My *first* is a cover for pudding or meat,
 My *next* is a cover—'tis useful and neat;
 My *whole* is a cover that you may lay under,
 Say the name of this cover—that covers each
 wonder.

279.

Poor James is blind, and, by *first* is led,
 Is poor and friendless—has to beg his bread;
 Yet unlike many—satisfied—'tis said,
 Altho' he scarce knows where to rest his head.

'Tis true, that in his coat my *next* is seen,
 But that is not poor James's fault, I ween;
 Had he a wife—a patch instead had been,
 Yet as it is—he's mostly neat and clean.

Poor fellow!—once he ventured out alone,
 And stumbling 'gainst a piece of brick or stone,
 My *whole* fell into—here's true friendship shewn,
 My *first* plunged after him, and dragg'd him
 home.

ENIGMA.

280.

Dispersing wan and sad despair,
 Which health and strength will both impair;
 I come in smiles—and then can trace
 A gleam of joy on sorrow's face:
 My nature's light—opposed to care,
 But oft build Castles in the air.

Brighten dark prospects—paint the best,
 Bestow sweet intervals of rest;
 My pictures often are ideal,
 True—but anticipation's real:
 Christian—lover—friend or foe,
 With me would not dispense, I know.

ANAGRAMS.

281.

James, what is the matter? I see you are lame;
 I fear you have been at a sad idle game;
 Hush! hush, my dear Sister, I have had a fall,
 In attempting to jump from the old Abbey wall.

My *whole* I have got in my foot, to be sure,
 But patience and time will accomplish a cure;
 You know I'm the lad for frolick and whim,
 You shall hear how I've served Mrs. Margaret
 Prim.

Take a part of my hurt, my Sister, don't frown,
 Well that she has got on her best satin gown;
 I crept up behind her with sliced bread and butter,
 And pinned it in neatly—Oh! how she did mutter.

Fie, Brother!—how wicked—I really am vext,
 And think you deserve to be caught in my next;
 Which will quickly be here—if you drop but a
 letter,
 I always imagined my Brother knew better.

Complete, I'm an index—a flat surface too,
 Behead me, and bring the first martyr to view.

CONUNDRUMS.

283.

What malignant passion will name a covering
and a colour?

284.

What Infidel will tell you to warm a Fowl, and
(losing a letter) to eat it?

REBUS.

285.

Bring here the God of wine,
And the silver Queen of night;
The Muse of orbs that shine,
And a sly mischievous wight.

A blooming dame of Troy,
One of the lovely graces;
A king of Rome employ,
And put them in their places.

A letter take from each,
 Arrange with needful care;
 A warrior's name they teach,
 Who kissed the British fair.

CITIES.

286.

1. Three-quarters of what is not short and a Spanish title for a gentleman. 2. The heads of convents and what we do to the departed. 3. Where I wish my dearest friends to be and a wife of Windsor. 4. Three-sevenths of what is lasting and half a village. 5. What I wish you to do, where you put your clothes, a vowel and a consonant. 6. Five-eighths of a contract and an endeavour. 7. A point of the compass and a cathedral. 8. A bathing house. 9. Old times, altering a letter. 10. The breast and a mistake, wanting a letter. 11. What a horse does and

what misers do with their treasures. 12. A spring and a fountain.

CHARADES.

287.

When I was my *first*, and you were the same,
 How delighted we were with an innocent game;
 How contented we were with our lot:
 The world and its troubles to us were unknown,
 It appeared in the distance—with roses bestrewn,
 As lovely as those round our Cot.

My *next*, from the piercing and pitiless storm,
 Has securely defended and kept us so warm,
 At morning, at noon, or at night—

I have one of the same, I confess even now,
 And highly becoming it is to my brow;
 With its lining so glossy and white.

My *total* we had in the days that are past,
 But Time hurried past with his sceptre so fast,

It seems like a tale that is told—
 In the paths of that world we have trodden and
 found,
 The heart-piercing thorns—that the roses sur-
 round,
 And its smile that is cheerless and cold.

288.

My *first* is the skin of a beast,
 That is useful and warm, at the least:
 My *next* must be under,
 Should you ever so wonder;
 And my *whole* is a flounce,
 Though with anger you bounce.

289.

My *first* is not single—my *next* is one of us,
 and my *whole* is a letter.

290.

In the garden of Anna—I strolled by her side,
 Nature seemed to invite—o'er the meadow we
 hied,

'Twas after a smart shower of rain—
 I loved Anna dearly—so told her my mind,
 Was delighted to find to my suit she inclined,
 Though she'd lots of my *first* in her train.

Since the time I first saw her, till that very day,
 I had ne'er known my *next*—you'll believe what
 I say;

The pride of the village was she—
 We completed our walk, and the garden did pass,
 My *total* I plucked, and presented the lass;
 For she'd fully bestowed it on me.

291.

To sit by my *first* with a sociable friend,
 How delightfully pleasant an evening to spend;
 By my *second* protected—secure is your treasure,
 My *total* affords its possessor much pleasure:
 When ordered my *first* 'tis a fatal command,
 Spreading death and destruction by sea and by
 land.

292.

My *first* is the brother of martial Bellona,
 My *second* is what we call Harty;
 My *third*, I believe, brave sailors pass over,
 'Though in it 'tis seldom they tarry.
 My *whole* is a prison, were you ever there?
 I never have seen it, I freely declare.

ENIGMA.

293.

I once was young—but now I'm old,
 I once was hot—but now I'm cold;
 Once was sober—now in liquor,
 Cannot walk—but hobble quicker.
 Twice in London—once in York,
 Once had money—now have work:
 Once was honest—now I rob,
 Once was noble—now I job.
 Once at Court I shew'd my face,
 Now have neither friends or place;

Once I lived in Manor row,
Kept a coach, and horses too.

Now I dwell in lowly Cot,
None to cheer my homely lot:
Once had joy, but now have sorrow,
Loans I've given—now I borrow.

Once I took a foreign tour,
With my coach and horses, four;
Now along the road I plod,
A donkey bears me—humble load.

Once I graced a Monarch's throne,
Now, alas! no chair I own;
Ladies, gentle pity shew,
Can you tell my name, or no?

ANAGRAMS.

294.

In a fisherman's net I am frequently caught,
With quickest dispatch to market then brought

In a basket—perchance, may arrive at your door,
 You may eat me—or only behead me,—no more—

At a loss you will be for the School-mistress'
 name,

That learned, unlearned, good, tidy, old dame;
 With horn book and hour glass, and rod in
 terrorem,

And sly little urchins with lessons before them.

Removing that member she finds of most use,
 Transposing the others, you then will produce
 What she takes when her little rude pupils are
 gone:

It may be with a neighbour—it may be alone.

And much she enjoys it, beware how you blame,
 'Tis a banquet to her, may she long have the
 same.

295.

Can you tell me a Lady's name?

Backwards and forwards still the same:

Losing two letters—lo! another,
For aught I know, you are her brother.

CONUNDRUMS.

296.

Medicine and a Century will name what follows
battle.

297.

What mate accompanies a Traveller every where?

REBUS.

298.

A stream that winds thro' valleys sweet,
Old England's brave defence and glory;
What the Northern wanderers meet,
A Goddess known in fabled story.

The gentlest breath of summer gales,
Him who fired the Ephesian fane;
A river where the Merchant sails,
And one that soothes the sense of pain.

A soldier brave, alas! no more,
 A sailor clasped in Death's embrace,
 A Queen of Carthage—these explore,
 And from their joined initials trace.

A country—all whose sons are brave,
 Its mountains high—its daughters fair;
 And lawless power will ne'er enslave,
 While William Tells are nurtured there.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

299.

1. A sister kingdom and a measure. 2. The reverse of black and the entrance to a mansion. 3. A Lord of Creation, a desirable haven and a residence. 4. A warm Climate and what you live in. 5. A regal bargain. 6. A turn-over and a dwelling place. 7. A tribute to the departed. 8. The opposite of East, a cathedral and monastery. 9. To see and sing in a certain sphere and a residence for royalty. 10. Hemp

and to do wrong, wanting a letter. 11. A noble animal and protectors. 12. An Apostle and what he was.

CHARADES.

300.

In my *first* you may put, if you are so inclined,
A ring, or a chain, or a drop—only mind,
To have it secured; for tho' locks may attend it,
'Tis seldom or never those locks can defend it.

My *next* is a building, so clever and neat,
The best architecture here cannot compete;
Like Solomon's temple, in silence 'tis reared,
The sound of the hammer is never once heard.

No laughing, no joking is heard in my *whole*,
And if you cannot guess it, it is very droll.

301.

My *first* signifies equality; my *second* is the head of the alphabet; my *next* is a luminary; and my *whole* is a sort of canopy.

302.

Sweet girl it is not I but you,
 A lonely man must follow;
 My stubborn *first*, I'll prove it too,
 To pedant, wit, or scholar.
 My *next*, three-fifths of what is told,
 For mischief, malice, fun,
 Is sad or merry, new or old,
 And wagers it has won.
 My *whole*, but how shall I define,
 What is so very common;
 Is seen on almost every sign,
 An advocate for Mammon.

303.

Rosa's form, her look, her air,
 Her eyes, her manners, all declare,
 She's as amiable as fair.
 My *first's* her step replete with grace,
 My *next* has been in every place,
 Where you have ever shewn your face.

Rosa has one—she slipp'd and fell,
 (Has two indeed, the truth to tell,)
 I stood by, and marked them well.

304.

From the varied dessert after dinner, I may
 Present you my *first*, with some wine;
 If very expensive, I will not now say,
 A rarity, common or fine.

My *next* is a sort of a fire-work—O! dear,
 I should go into fits, if I fancied one near!

305.

I parted with Emma the fifteenth of May,
 Took my *first* ere I left her—she nothing could say;
 I gave her my *second*, and said, “think of me
 “Dearest girl, when you wear it, where e'er
 you may be.”

Tears bedewed her fair cheeks as she promised
 she would,
 My heart was near breaking! I would, if I could,

Describe what I felt, but indeed it is vain;
I tore myself from her, to sail on the main.

As we quitted the shore, on the beach I saw
clear,

My *whole* very gracefully move in the air:
My Emma possessed it—Ah! where is she now?
Alas! in the cold grave, the maid is laid low.

ENIGMA.

306.

To your understanding I'm of use,
Tho' often treated with abuse;
No head I have—of course no brains,
Relieve you oft—yet take no pains.

I boast no sense or genius fine,
But yet my gender's masculine;
At least, my name would so imply,
Pray read again, and tell me why.

ANAGRAMS.

307.

Take half a Poet's name, it shews
 The fairest tints that Nature knows;
 The roses' blush, the cowslips' hue,
 The daisy pied, the violet blue:
 Beheaded, forms that nice machine,
 Whence issues what may grace a Queen:
 Employs the poor industrious wight,
 And pays him with the poorest mite;
 Shame that the work we all admire,
 So ill repays the labourer's hire.

308.

Complete, you may have me,
 When hunting you go;
 Returning, behead me,
 And drink me up too.

CONUNDRUMS.

309.

What kind of cloth commands silence?

310.

Why is a high cask like a dog?

REBUS.

311.

A learned old Mathematician combine,
 With a dearly beloved Relation of mine;
 A flow'ret that blooms in the garden so gay,
 A river, that five pretty circles pourtray:
 The mount where the Muses are said to reside,
 My own native Country, let no one deride;
 But join these initials most quickly and true,
 And a part of the globe is presented to you.

COINS.

312.

1. A celestial spirit. 2. A christmas song
 and two-fifths of usury. 3. An evangelist. 4.
 A lawyer's fee. 5. A crowned head. 6. A toy
 and half a star. 7. An equal division and a di-
 adem. 8. Half a buckle, a consonant and a
 fish. 9. The Goddess of flowers, wanting a let-

ter, and a preposition. 10. What duellists use and the beginning of covering. 11. A sheep-fold and two-thirds of a French general. 12. Five-sevenths of a parent and three-fourths of a circle.

CHARADES.

313.

I begin with a Bee, you may think it strange,
That the head of a buzzard effects no great
change;
With bird and with beast holding ranks very
high,
Tho' neither in ocean, the earth, or the sky.

Thus descending my *first*, to my *second* attend,
To you pretty girl I may prove a friend:
Secure from the world, I may guard your bright
treasure,
On which you're accustomed to look with much
pleasure.

My *third*, with bold front, in sagacious array,
Presumes in your presence itself to display;
Possessing assurance—it studies no rule,
And is not over-brilliant when found on a fool.

Nay, start not, fair Lady, at language so rude,
Lest on your shoulders I'm found to intrude;
The aged, the young, the great and the small,
The Hero, the Sage—I honour them all.

My *total* has never been famed for his knowledge,
Tho' nursed by kind parents, and sent to a
College.

314.

What subjects of vast import!—what never
ending sublimities!—what dread and awful reali-
ties are concentrated in my *first*!—I am lost in
the contemplation of it:—

My *second* denotes durability; and my *whole*
perpetuity.

315.

My *first* is often brought to light,
 However dark, I make no doubt;
 Its uses I've no wish to slight,
 For often when I have the gout—
 I take my *next* to grant relief,
 It seldom fails, upon my word;
 My *total*, for I must be brief,
 Has often held my *first*, I've heard.

316.

My *first* Mamma bought Master John,
 • It played upon the lawn—
 The child was pleased! its back got on,
 On each returning morn.—
 Tired with his pranks—one summer's day,
 Upon the new-mown grass—
 He took my *next*—alas! that way,
 A Gipseey chanced to pass.—

Relentlessly she did my *whole*,
 The child from home she took!
 But oh! the stroke so sad, so cruel,
 The Parents' hearts has broke!

317.

My *first* reversed, its grateful freshness yields,
 To every sun-burnt tenant of the fields;
 My *next's* the pride of many an English belle,
 Though what it is I may no plainer tell:
 My *whole's* a band, which Death severe destroys,
 With all its cares, its comforts, and its joys.

318.

On the fourteenth anniversary
 Of Edwin's natal day—
 Released from school and nursery—
 His heart was light and gay.
 A present from Grandpa' my *first*,
 Who, when he gave it, said,
 A useful monitor, I trust,
 You'll find it, dearest lad.

Like that—pray let your conduct be
 Marked out with due precision;
 And, if this time twelvemonth I see
 You've heeded admonition.

My *next* with pleasure will bestow,
 (You surely will beware,)
 A smart appendage 'tis for you,
 So of them both take care.

ENIGMA.

319.

At tea parties often in state I preside,
 And the faults of the absent bring forward with
 pride;

I stab with a word—with a shrug, or a smile,
 I confess I am envious—prone to revile.

My aim is in secret—where none can defend,
 To the mischief I do—in truth there's no end;
 How guiltless soever my victims may be—
 I affirm they're from every good quality free.

I'm fond of the whisper—the buz that goes round,
 Inuendo malicious!—sly hints that astound:
 Th' Assassin for plunder oft shoots at his mark,
 Than him, I am worse—for I stab in the dark.

Without any pretence—provocations I lack,
 Save odious rancour!—malignity black!
 From passions so fiend-like may I ever be,
 Through grace from above, entirely free.

ANAGRAMS.

320.

John wrote a Poem, short and pointed,
 John's a clever lad;
 He told me, when it was disjointed—
 Two Animals he had.

The one was young—and very tender,
 The other old—and tough—
 Reversed—was half a fortune vender,
 To injure—sure enough!

191

321.

**Complete, I may pain you, and make you cry O!
Beheaded, a very small measure I shew.**

CONUNDRUMS.

322.

Why is a Newspaper like the Army?

323.

What article in your Kitchen will name a Miser's motto?

REBUS.

324.

**What surrounds this wond'rous globe,
What will common sense dethrone;
What belonged to patient Job,
That for which we should atone.
What we should not over be,
What is termed a sort of madness;
The natives of my whole to free,
Would be a source of joy and gladness,**

PRECIOUS STONES.

325.

1. An entrance. 2. Half a recompence, a pronoun and half a mark of distinction. 3. A small fruit, changing a letter. 4. To weep and a horse's crib. 5. A Glazier's tool. 6. Half what is sudden and three-fifths of a tree. 7. A wild beast. 8. A beautiful colour. 9. The support of the vegetable world, the beginning of passion and what the labourer is worthy of. 10. A Seaman, altering a letter, and what he expects to do every day. 11. What every mountain has and two-fifths of a faint blue. 12. An esteemed fruit and the beginning of good fortune.

CHARADES.

326.

See crazy Kate, misfortune's child,
 Who braves the storm on upland wild;
 On 'wildering heath, or dreary moor—
 Deserted—friendless, houseless, poor.

Some few years past, on village green,
 The rustics hailed her as their Queen;
 A flowery chaplet twined her brow,
 The rose and lily bloomed below.

She loved—she gave her heart to one
 Above her rank, and was undone;
 Her reason fled indeed—but lo!
 My *first* she cannot ever do.

At eventide I oft have strayed,
 To meet the woe-bewildered maid;
 Beneath the lightning blasted oak,
 Or, by the clear and limpid brook—

Have heard her tale of dark distress,
 And marked her look of vacantness;
 Have dried the tear that gemmed her cheek,
 Despise *me not*, it seemed to speak!

My *next*, I've said—poor Kate thy woes
 Are drawing to a peaceful close;

I'll take my *whole* to deck thy mound,
While village lasses weep around.

327.

If you urge me to the performance of any thing particularly disagreeable, courtesy must give place to sincerity, and with all due deference I shall answer my *first*; my *next*, permit me to say, is opposed to every thing that is excellent and amiable; it presents a thousand different aspects, all nearly alike, hideous and disgusting, yet, alas! we are too often found bestowing not only a smile, but even our best affections on this Hydra-headed Monster: my *whole* is an epithet often applied to an inexperienced person.

328.

I suppose you have heard that the battle is ours?
An express has arrived within a few hours;

Well, that I consider my *first*:-

My *next*, duly signed and sealed he has brought,
Containing particulars, so it is thought—

We shall speedily hear them, I trust.

For my first in my *whole* will most likely appear,
And that will be sent by a friend who lives
near—

So my dear I shall send it to you—

'Tis sad to consider the wounded and slain,
The carnage and slaughter that deluge the plain!

But now I must bid you adieu!

329.

If it happens that Mary is saucy and rude,
And too much on good manners and kindness
intrude,

My *first* I should tell her to do—

“ I can't, Ma'am, indeed!” is Mary's reply,

“ It is of no use, and so I'll not try!”

Then, Mary, away you must go.

My *second* I've told you in what Mary said,
 And if better manners come not in their stead,
 'Tis likely my *whole* she may be:
 Unfriended, unpitied, may wander abroad,
 Then Mary may think of each action and word,
 And all her unkindness to me.

330.

Where the briny mountains rise,
 When old Ocean braves the skies;
 When Neptune foams with wrath severe,
 My Premier's presence must be there.

My *second* must the storm engage,
 While the mighty billows rage;
 Plunging deeper ocean's cave,
 Its hurried form in silence lave.

My *next*, with honest toil and skill,
 Is well collected, and good will
 Uniting thus, without pretence,
 Proclaims aloud full recompence.

My *total*, whether blue or green,
 Or red, or brown, is often seen;
 With colours varied as the bow,
 On spotless white will often show.

397.

The time is past, the guests are come,
 My dear Papa is not yet home;

I wish he were my *first*:

He has to ride through frost and snow,
 O'er moors, where piercing winds do blow,

He's well in health, I trust—

How very long the time appears,
 When one is vexed by anxious fears;

His friend my *next* reversed,
 Is telling now such dismal tales
 Of crime that every night prevails—

I almost fear the worst—

In former days, I have been told,
 My *total*, whether young or old,

Were very often burned—
 But hark! I hear the entrance bell,
 Its welcome sound my fears dispel,
 Papa is just returned.

ENIGMA.

332.

Spruce young Harry courted Jenny,
 And said—(reader 'twas no whim)—
 “He'd wed her without a penny,”—
 I stood by, and was with him—

Jenny's cousin came from London,
 Talked and dress'd in dandy trim;
 Harry liked not his attention—
 I'd not parted yet from him.

“Jane,” he said—“pray don't ill use me,
 “Fix your choice on me or Jem;
 “Tho' I love—quite free I leave thee,”
 I remained attached to him.—

Jenny blushing—answered Harry,
 “ But a friend—is cousin Jem—
 “ With him I’ve no wish to tarry,”
 She saw I was firm to him.—
 Harry seized her hand delighted,
 Jenny tried to look quite prim—
 Tho’ I witnessed them united,
 I will ne’er depart from him.

ANAGRAMS.

333.

As I walked in the garden I met honest John,
 With a basket of fruit—so he offered me one;
 I respect the old man,—he loves me—and fears,
 “ They’re the finest,” says he, “ I have gather-
 “ ed for years:
 “ Would your Ladyship take one—and bite off
 “ its head,
 “ Your Ladyship’s sisters—at least, so I’ve read,

- “ Would come in for a share—pray deem me not
 “ rude,
 “ On your Ladyship’s kindness so long to intrude.
 “ Only if you transpose it—I think will appear
 “ The price of the same—that I purchased last
 “ year.”

334.

Transpose what may confine your dress,
 You see my head—if right I guess—
 Beheaded—what an ugly beast!—
 To me disgusting—say the least.

Curtail, and turn me careful round,
 Beware—you may be partly drowned;
 Just now reversed—a gentle blow—
 Transposed—the beast will feed a crow.

CONUNDRUMS.

335.

If I destroy the Inscription on your Crest, what
 Animal shall I represent?

336.

If I throw you a parcel of French lace, what
sort of crowd do I describe?

REBUS.

337.

Go fetch me a Surgeon—eccentric enough—

And what he prescribes for a Phtysic!

Perchance he may send you away in a huff,

Sans medicamentum—or Physic.—

Then run for a Lawyer of learned renown,

Oh! lose not a moment, I pray—

And call on Lord Richard, if he is in town,

And a Painter that lives by the way.—

Now send for a learned and pious Divine,

And bring me a Father Confessor;

Come now let us see if we cannot define;

A country that braves the oppressor.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

338.

1. To be too fond of one subject. 2. Half commiseration and a negative. 3. Three-fourths of opposite to wild, an impediment, and a fruit beheaded. 4. A channel or furrow. 5. Half a sweet scented flower and half a lime-tree. 6. Four-sixths of a French wine, a vowel and a device for fishing. 7. The Tympanum of the Ear. 8. A bead and part of an ox. 9. A doleful sound transposed. 10. Half a gold coin and a Sailor. 11. An Ensign, a vowel and an hindrance. 12. The head of a triangle, a spirituous liquor and a favorite.

CHARADES.

339.

The guests are assembled below in the Hall,
 How merry and jocund they are;
 Is Letitia unhappy?—she's graver than all,
 For her features are shaded with care.

No, she is not unhappy—but she is my *first*—
 And the home of her childhood she leaves,
 For one—not less happy—I fervently trust—
 But appearance too often deceives.

'Tis no trifle, believe me, to utter adieu!
 To Parents, and Sisters and Brothers,
 Tho' hope paints the future in loveliest hue,
 That future depends upon others.

John and James are just going my *whole* to take
 out,
 Tho' I'm told 'tis no longer the mode,
 'Tis a compliment reckoned—and I have no
 doubt,
 Will be left at your splendid abode.

340.

When the glittering orbs of night,
 Yield the firmament their light;
 Or the sun's enlivening ray,
 Brings this nether world to day—

My spacious *first* I love to view,
 Where Nature paints her varied hue;
 My *total's* thrilling note of love
 Echoes through the vault above!

341.

A blundering son of Erin's isle,
 Returning from his daily toil,
 Will designate my *first*:
 My *next* will name a sort of corn,
 You must not laugh me here to scorn;
 You're too polite, I trust.

My *next*, in grand triumphal state,
 In token of esteem—not hate,
 Is rear'd within the City;
 In Country town, and village too,
 It makes a grand and stately show,
 'Tis likewise sly and witty.

My *whole* had Children—more than ten,
 I do not tell you where, or when.

342.

When the Shepherd, at eve, lies him home from
the fold,

His flock in security penn'd;

His faithful attendant—my *first*, you behold,

On his home-tracing footsteps attend.

His Wife bids him welcome a smile on her cheek,

To meet him his little ones fly;

Oh! his are the feelings that words cannot speak,

They are better express'd by the eye.

My *next* are his riches, but peace and content

Are his, and his slumber is sound;

His heart uncorrupted, his actions well meant,

His wishes are humble and bound

By a circle so small, that I think I may vouch,

A trifle is all he would ask;

At the sound of my *whole* he retires to his couch,

And with daylight returns to his task.

343.

Old Alice had seen better days,
Misfortunes overtook her;
She dared not question Wisdom's ways,
Was heard to murmur!—never.

Her husband dead! she meekly bore
Her trials—so severe;
Her only fault was being poor,
No friend was nigh to cheer.

A mind she had—somewhat refined,
Beyond the vulgar horde;
And so her neighbours—wise! inclined
To spread reports abroad.

Said one—"Old Alice is my *first*,
" And all the mischief does;
" But she'll be drowned, I hope and trust,
" Pray have you heard the news?

" Sit down.—'Twill make your blood run cold,

" Your hair to stand on end;

" When I tell you—what I've been told;

" 'Tis true, you may depend.

" Well, seven weeks come Monday next,

" Old neighbour Gibson's Son

" Sail'd in my *next*—Indeed I'm vex'd

" At what the hussey's done.

" He had not left the beach an hour,

" Before a storm arose;

" The vessel sunk! all by the power

" Of Alice—we suppose."

" Methinks," said Mary, in reply,

" It could not be *her* malice;

" *She* has no power—My *total*, Why

" Impute you thus to Alice?

" Injure no more her humble fame,

" For if she had the will—

" She could not do—what you now name,

" It wants superior skill."

344.

We had an old Servant, yes, she was my *first*,
 My *next* could not tempt her, for faithful and
 just,

Obliging—affectionate—kind—

Was this best of good creatures, it is but her due,
 To say that her faults and her failings were few,
 To our's she was totally blind.

She paid Nature's debt, about twelve months
 ago,

We all of us wept—I could almost weep now,

But my *total*, you must understand:

It was with my first—a most favorite flower,
 She often extoll'd its medicinal power,
 So I placed it within her cold hand.

ENIGMA.

345.

Lads and Lasses were assembled,
 Husbands, Wives and Children mingled;

Pleasure beam'd with gentle grace,
And smiled content on every face.

When alas!—Oh! direful fate!
Ladies, pity!—do not hate;
I—appear'd in dread array,
View, O view—their wild dismay!

Maidens shriek'd! Wives tore their hair,
Husbands fled—they cared not where;
Others mourn'd their hapless lot,
Torn from Wife and peaceful cot.

Stop! Ladies, ere your censure's given,
Remember—mine's a high commission.

ANAGRAMS.

346.

Honest Robert, who lives in the lane,
Does me oft to the worthy Sir John;
Poor Marg'ret, his Wife, is insane,
And to an Asylum is gone.

The Baronet cut off my head,
 And gave me to him for a trifle;
 That no one, hereafter, he said,
 Should dare his old tenant to rifle.

So he cut off my head once again,
 Take that and be happy, good man!
 You will never have cause to complain,
 I shall favor you all that I can.

Once more he beheaded poor I,
 And transposed what remain'd to the view;
 Your Son has a wish, I descry,
 He must not be check'd in it by you.

Let him venture on what you now see,
 I'll equip and provide for him too;
 In a very few years he may be
 Commander, perchance, of the crew!

347.

Complete, I may ask you to grant me a boon,
 Beheaded, may scold you, and that very soon.

CONUNDRUMS.

348.

A staff in the hands of Old Age will give you a
meal and wine after it—What are they?

349.

What relation will tell you to cheat?

REBUS.

350.

An article take, and transpose it aright,
A river now seek, and to it unite—
Two-thirds of another, a negative turn'd,
And a noted Usurper will then be discern'd.

DESCRIPTION OF A ROOM AND ITS
FURNITURE.

351.

1. What gamesters wish to do and a Dutch
painter. 2. A game of cards between two con-
sonants. 3. A portion of land reversed. 4. A
necessary finish to a letter. 5. A Shepherd's

dog and a discolouration transposed. 6. A fish and the best part of what will take it. 7. The reverse of hard, changing a letter. 8. A reflector. 9. A collection of heads. 10. Two-fifths of a hunting match and the atmosphere. 11. An Eastern Empire. 12. What blockheads shut and what lawyers open.

*The following LETTERS contain general Solutions
to the foregoing*

CHARADES, ANAGRAMS, ENIGMAS, REBUSES,
&c. &c.

LETTER I.

WELLINGTON PLACE.

WHEN I left you, dear Susan, I promised to
send

An account of my trip, from beginning to end;
I sighed! when I found from my friend I must
part—

But “distance,” says Cowper, “cannot change
“the heart.”

This I felt!—still emotions we cannot suppress
When at leaving!—dear friends to our bosom
we press;

A *pleasure*, believe me, no greater I know,
 Than writing, dear Susan, and telling you so:
 The Stage's interior was full—don't deride,
 No *Alternative* was there,—but riding outside.
 So fancy you see me, despite of the weather,
 On the Coach top, with boxes all huddled
Together;

A *Husbandman* blunt sat close, on one side
 On the other his daughter—who constantly cried;
 I found she was going in quest of a place,
 And her *Father*, *good man*—as this was the case,
 Determined—the dictates of *Prudence* to heed,
 See her safe to the town—and protect her indeed!
 “Come *Jenny*,” said he, “do give us a smile,”
 (With his *Handkerchief* wiping his eyes all the
 while)

“You know for your welfare—this journey is
 “meant,
 “Be cheerful then girl! for there's nought like
 “*Content*.”

At this moment the horses began so to race,
 I made, I've no doubt, a pretty *Grimace*;
 For danger I thought I could clearly discern,
 And concluded, we certainly must *overturn*.
 This *Misfortune* we met not! I'm happy to say,
 But the fright I encountered—I cannot *portray*;
 I had scarcely recovered, when lo! and behold,
 Heavy drops and thick clouds an approaching
 storm *told*;

I viewed, with dismay, my poor *Parasol*,
 From a shower it would not defend me at all:
 I looked on my bonnet, so *smart* of *Leghorn*,
 And thought, I should cut quite a figure forlorn;
 When a *genteel* young Man, who travelled within,
 Politely alighted, and handed me in—
 I thanked him! and gladly accepted his *seat*,
 And judged that my comfort would now be
 complete;
 So it might—but a Man, with a worsted *Night*-
 cap,

Was determined on nothing, but taking a nap:

If it pleased us or vex'd us—he cared not a fig,
 But snored in good *Earnest*—Aye, just like a pig!
 With another like him— I *hope* never to ride,
 How I thought of you all and our social *Fireside*;
 Where seated around—with friends two or three,
 We've both been as happy as happy could be.
 No *Scandal* intruded—we banish'd *Mistrust*,
 Took *Tea*, read or talk'd, and partook of a
 crust;

Ere we utter'd that sentence—so pithy and trite,
 The words I allude to, my friend, are “ Good
 night.”

But resuming my subject—nought else, I think,
 pass'd,

(Save a poor *Mendicant*—having *Charity* ask'd!)

That's worthy of *Notice*; yes, yes! in the lane,

A Man jumping off, in his foot got a *strain*.

The rain had abated, and then you must know,

I saw in the Heavens a splendid *Rain-bow*!

By my *Watch*—4 P. M.—when arriv'd in *London*,

I soon 'spied my Uncle and Aunt and their Son:

“ Well! my dear,” says my Aunt, “ I am glad
 “ you are come,

“ Pray how have you left all our *Kindred* at
 “ home,

“ And my old neighbours or friends in or near
 “ *Manningtree*?

“ But you’re very fatigued—I plainly can see.”

“ For that,” says my Uncle, “ there’s nothing
 “ like rest,”

So we’ll hasten as quick as we can to the *West*;
 Thus saying, a Hackney he very soon hired,
 (O dear, how the Houses and Shops I admired:)
 Well, at last, to the End of my journey arrived,

We sat down to dinner—I really derived
 An *abundance* of *Heart’s-ease*, to find them so
 kind,

In promoting my comfort, so greatly inclined.
 My Cousin assured me a pleasure ’twould be,
 To show me all places I might wish to see;

And my Uncle *himself* said, he would devote
 A week from his business, to taking me out:
 I duly acknowledged such great condescension,
 For they really bestowed on me every attention.
 At *Eleven*, quite tired—I withdrew from the
Room,

Says my Uncle, “the Morn. will restore you
 “your *bloom*.”

The *Watchman* annoy’d me—I could not sleep
 sound,

The hour he proclaim’d, as he traversed his
 round;

At *Eight* I arose, and to *breakfast* repaired,
 I found that on luxuries richly they fared:

The *Newspaper* lay on the *table* so gay,
 ’Twas their practice to read it, at this Time o’
 day.

Our repast being ended, I begg’d they’d excuse
 My retiring to write you, my Friend, all the
 news,

Of my having arrived, safe and sound as a
Roach,

And relate my mishaps as above on the Coach.
Don't delay, dearest Susan, in writing to me,
When the *Post* brings your letter, how pleased
I shall be;

A detail of all that has happened, pray send,
And believe me, your truly affectionate Friend,

ELIZABETH.

LETTER II.

ROSEMARY DALE.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

My very best thanks are decidedly due,
For the charming Epistle just brought me from
you;

Both *Louisa* and I were in spirits deprest,
'Tis the first of *Misfortunes* to part, 'tis confest:
To soften your absence as much as you can,
You must write to us weekly, a very good plan;
Or *Stratagem* rather—so pray do not fail
To send us a packet, my dear, by the Mail.
For writing, alas! I'm deficient in *skill*,
Bad *Penmanship* pardon—I trust that you will;
I shall *Manage* as well as I can, to be sure,
And *lacerate* language—all this pray endure:

Mrs. *Hannah* has promised the aid of her *Pen*,
 She has long had a *Penchant* for hating the Men;
 And as you are a *Novice*, possessing some beauty,
 To give *Inuendo's* she thinks it her duty:

O gracious, how free I have spoken—O dear,
 I was always a *Sauce-box*, of discretion, small
 share,

I own from my *Childhood*, so do not abuse,
 Forgive me this once, I will tell you the news!
 Miss *Sharp*, of the *Hamlet*, has made a fine
 pother,

Has eloped, and deserted her poor aged Mo-
 ther;

Some say she is *kidnapp'd*, a pretty good joke,
 Every *Blockhead* knows better,—tis thought that
 the stroke

Is more than her parent, so feeble, can bear,
 Requiring assistance to rise from her *Chair*.

How sad in the *Winter* of life it must be,
 To encounter such trials—when all must agree,

That the aches and the pains attendant on Age,
Are fully sufficient for it to engage.—

Well, what do you think of the Vicar, my dear?
Bless me, at this moment, my sight is not clear;
My heart bumps so quick, and my hand trem-
ble so,

And my cheeks are suffused with an unusual
glow:

Ah! do you suspect me,—*I am not to blame,*
The Evening you left us, as usual, he came;
And somehow it happened, they all left the
Room,

And he asked me—don't laugh, to decide on his
doom.

"Mr. *Wallace*," I said, "I respect you—but then,
"You will want me to love—lack-o-daisy! these
"men:"

"I'll try to deserve it," he said, with such
Grace,

That the *Rose* was quite pallid, compared with
his face;

I could not *look* cross, and howe'er you may
chide,

I did give him hope, that I would be his bride.

Matrimony? tremendously awful it sounds,

My senses so bright, it completely astounds!

Your advice in abundance, most humbly I crave,

I know you respect him, he is not a knave;

But quite the reverse—a *Socrates* almost,

Yet in *Wedlock*, you know, all our liberty's lost.

Pray do not forget on this subject to write

What you think "o' the matter," be sure to in-
dite.

Caroline has a *Scrap-book*, just sent from town,

And a very great beauty it is, I must own:

She sends her kind love, and a few moderate
hints,

She knows you have taste in selecting of Prints.

Have you heard of the *Shipwreck*? how dismal
the tale,

The crew are all lost, and the son of *James Hale*,

In attempting to rescue a lad from the wave,
 Poor fellow, has met with a watery grave;
 He was *Sweetheart* to *Mary*, our nursery maid,
 She is constantly weeping—and we all are afraid,
 That her health will be injured—his body is
 found,

Will to-morrow be buried in *Dedham* Church
 ground.

Papa has been searching the garden all through,
 To find something worthy of sending to you;
 The *Peaches* he gathered himself—prithee mind,
 To appreciate duly, a favour so kind.

Honest *Jacob* pronounces the *Peascods* in order,
 He took them, I know, from his favourite bor-
 der;

The *Codlings* I gathered, *Jacob* held down the
 bough,

“ They are very fine fruit, Miss,” says he,

“ that I know :

“ And I think Miss Lizzy, will say in her letter,

“ Or, much I’m mistaken—she never saw better.

- " You must be mortal dull Miss, now she is
 " away,
 " Bless her heart, I shall miss her, for never a
 day
 " Did she suffer to pass, when she visited here,
 " Without chatting with me—a tale you shall
 " hear;
 " I mean if you please, Miss—perhaps you may
 " know
 " Daughter Bet was her Servant, a short time
 " ago—
 " And Bet, though a *tractable* Girl, to be sure,
 " Had an unlucky habit, we never could cure;
 " Mayhap 'twas ill luck, mayhap want of care,
 " She always was breaking, I know that is
 " clear:
 " So a fine china *Punch-bowl*, one day she de-
 " stroyed,
 " And spoiled the best *Carpet*,—her Mistress
 " annoyed,

“ Displeased and vexed, said she must go away,
 “ But Miss Lizzy begged hard, and her Ma’ let
 “ her stay.”

There are folks that would laugh at this *History*
 much,

But my Lizzy knows better—for she is not such
 A mad-cap as Susani—I own it to you,
 But now, my dear Friend, I must bid you adieu:
 To what I have written be sure to attend,
 And believe me to be, your affectionate Friend,

SUSAN.

P. S. Our united regards to your Uncle and
 Aunt,
 Tell *Horace*, your Cousin—do not say you *can’t*,
 He cannot do better than make up his mind,
 To love you so dearly—if he is so inclined;
 It would *please* me extremely—so mind what I
 say,
 Folks must not be *headstrong* at this time o’ day.

LETTER III.

WELLINGTON PLACE.

VERY pretty, Miss Susan!—'cause you have a
beau,

You'll match my good Cousin and me any how;
Tell Horace to "love me!"—that he's done very
long,

Miss *Flippant*, with love, that to Cousins belong;
But now for the Vicar—you ask my advice,
If you love him—why have him, and that in a
trice.

Do not pout your *Lip*, and say "plenty of
"time,"

To *Sport* with affection is really a crime;
Should you ever consent to be Mistress Wallace,
You must now and then put on a serious face.

A conduct consistent—pray ever *Support*,
 Visit even a *Peasant*—for trust me, you ought;
 I know you, my friend, are averse to all strife,
 And will make, I am certain, a famous *House-*
wife.

And tho' you'll possess an *Equipage* grand,
 Are aware—that duties (domestic) demand
 Attention, minute,—pray do not *Mistake*—
 To save me a very nice piece of *Bride-cake*.
 I've no skill in *Witchcraft*—but yet I predict
 That the wedding, for *Spring* that is coming, is
 fixt;

How early you name it—I care not a *Pin*,
 Don't think of this love now, and make yourself
 thin:

The lover you've chosen once wrote a *Sonnet*,
 And sang it while playing on his *Castonet*.
 Our dear Caroline, sure, is *Modesty's* self,
 Her "Scrap-book!"—I find, she can think of
 herself;

Well—I've sent her a painting or two, by *Dun-*
thorne,

And another, by *Adams*, I bought yestermorn :
A *True-lover's Knot*—'tis a pretty device,
These must—will, you tell her, at present suffice.
The Bazaar in Soho, my Aunt took me to see,
And purchased a *Necklace* and *Watch-chain* for
me ;

A pair of *Nut-crackers* and silver *Tea-pot*
I bought, and a volume called "*Forget me not,*"
For you, dearest Susan, accept them, I pray,
If they please you or not—in your letter you'll
say.

On Sunday, I heard, at the Surrey Chapel,
That *Learned* devout *Patriarch*, *Rowland Hill*;
Bright *Faith*, very richly, I'm certain, he holds,
His time is devoted to benefit souls ;
He talked of the *Heathen*, the Infidel, and
Poor ignorant Negroes in *Africa's* land ;
And told us those of them that were left alone,
Would worship submissive—a stock or a *Stone*.

He took up the *Bible*—said, “ Good news is
“ sent—

“ To those happy few who are *Penitent*;
“ *Everlasting* its subject—its worth t’enhance,
“ Use the goods of this world with due *Temper-*
“ *ance.*”

He *Finally* mentioned, “ Some friends at the
“ door,

“ In a *Plate* would receive a small gift for the
“ poor.”

You may laugh, my dear Susan, at what I say
now,

But his words I shall think of—yes! *Whither* I
go.

Coming home in the Evening there was a dense
fog;

I was greatly alarm’d by the *Bark* of a dog;
An awkward *Lampfighter* with his heavy *Shoe*,
Unluckily trod on my Uncle’s great toe;
I *Grant* it was not done with malice propense,
But of pain in that foot he had exquisite sense;

Tho' his *Walking-stick* helped him—he scarcely
could gain

His house, in the Strand—you'd have thought
him quite lame.

The *Flute* I have sent, give *William*, from me,
And the poems by *Bloomfield*, his brother *Henry*;

The *Frock*'s for *Louisa*—'tis only so so,
For I knew she was not fond of much *Furbelow*;

The *Mantle* present with respects to *Mamma*,
And the *Cane* and *Corkscree* and *Beet-jack* for

Papa:

You may say they are reckon'd in *Town A-la-*
mode,

They'll be welcome, I trust, at your friendly
abode.

The *Peaches* and *Codlings*—the *Peascods* all
were

Remarkably fine—Jacob pack'd them with care;
I will bring him a *Flower-pot* to place in the rear,
And promise a *Wheel-barrow* to him next year.

The dinner *Bell* warns me abruptly to close,
 Some guests are invited to-day, I suppose;
 So with love to all friends—believe me to be—
 Your very attach'd and devoted friend *E*.

P. S. By a *Concatenation* very strange—but as
 true,

I, in turn, have a wonderful secret for you:
 You know *Philip Newton*, well, he is the youth
 Who loves me so dearly!—whose candour and
 truth

Have made me love him, but hush! Susan, good
 bye,

Can you keep this great secret? for my sake, do
 try.

LETTER IV.

ROSEMARY DALE.

WELL, well to be sure—wonders never will fail,
Indeed, Mrs. Newton, you tell a fine tale;
Pray who gave you leave to love Philip so well,
And, moreover, desired you poor *I* not to tell?
You've been *Acting a Miss*, nay, banish that
Smile,

I've been finely *Mistaking*, I see, a long while;
I know he has paid you attentions of late,
And I knew you too well to suppose you could
hate;

Even him for his kindness *Partaking*, I think,
Of a little self-love, but at that we must wink.
Since you've told me a secret—I'll even tell you
One that I have discover'd—believe me, 'tis true:

'Tis a very good *Omen*, (now mind what I say)
 When a learned man chooses attention to pay
 To *Adorable* lasses—for such we must be,
 Or truth and our lovers do not quite agree;
 But a truce to this subject, I'll only just add,
 That I like my own way when it is to be had.
 To proceed with my Journal, my dear, you must
 know,

Richard Gosling, from London is come, quite a
 beau;

So his *Step-mother* gave, on the joyful occasion,
 A very grand ball—I could make no evasion;
 So I went in the Carriage with *Margaret* and
 Jane,

And *Stephen* and *Charles*, and my favorite swain.
 Yes, the Vicar did venture to shew his face
 there.

But declining to dance—took the vacant *Arm-*
 chair;

“Thinks I to myself,” has the man got a *Corn*,
 That he sits in the corner so dull and forlorn;

He looks rather *Crab-bed*, I think, so says I—
 “ Mr. Wallace, you’ll dance, I suppose, by
 and bye?

Only judge my surprise, when he said, with a
 bow,

“ I certainly shall not!” (and yet he knows how;)
 So I made a remark—in my common mild way,
 It was not a *Retort*—but to you I may say—
 If I should condescend to be married, may I
 Have a Sponse, who, like him, can sarcasm
 defy.

Time *Rapidly* flew to the sound of the *Lyre*,
 The harp and the *Viol*—I could but admire.

Mrs. A’s *Grogram* gown and her white *Cotton*
 hose,

“ Apropos” for a ball-room, as you may suppose;
 Lady *Lightfoot* was there, and Sir *Soloman* too,
 Her Ladyship’s dress was a gauze of pale blue.
 Their *Grig* of a Son dared to ask me to dance,
 Believe me, I wish’d him at Sweden or France;

But how I sit prating—at One we return'd,
 No *Highwayman* met, nor was once overturn'd.
 Miss *Bellman*, I'm sorry to tell you, is dead,
 And *Herring*, they say, is to *Switzerland* fled;
 So you see, in the very short time you've been
 gone,

What a deal of sad business, dear E., has been
 done.

But this is not all, Mr. *Vowel* was brought
 Last night to the *Poorhouse*, insane, it is thought;
 His horses, his carriage, his spacious *Domain*,
 His plate, his possessions—ah! riches are vain:
 All, all he has lost in a gambling affair,
 To one Mr. *Cleave*, and if I had a share
 Of authority, brief I'd a *Constable* seek,
 And send him to *Newgate* before the next week.
 A smart *Cat-o'-nine-tails* is justly his due,
 With others, who this shocking practice pursue;
 And now, by the bye, a good season I find,
 To thank you for presents, so many, so kind.

Papa and Mamma are delighted—indeed
 You are *charming* as ever, they both are agreed;
 And William and Henry and Caroline say,
 Such kindness as your's they can never repay.
 Louisa's nice frock does indeed much become
 her,

'Tis smarter than any she's sported this *Summer*;
 The *Card-racks* she sends to your Aunt, with
 respects,

As she made them herself, I believe she expects
 They will not be the less valued.—The *Pincushion*
gay,

Present from myself—and my dear, you may
 say,

To the *Dowager Botteau*, next week I shall send
Barnard Barton's last volume to her by a friend.
 Our Louisa's intended, the dashing *Campbell*,
 Has been out with Papa, and you know he
shoots well;

The *Partridges*, therefore, with compliments fine,
 He sends to your Ladyship—pray, when you dine

Off the same, have the red Currant Jelly brought
too,

Copley made it, and prides herself on it, you
know.

Honest Jacob's *Asparagus* pray do not slight,
The *Pears* and *Potatoes* he thinks will delight;
He's returned, for permission, a bouquet to send,
Of all his choice flowers, to Miss Lizzy, his
friend.

The *Earwig* has spoiled all his lovely Carna-
tions,

To him, you well know, not the least of vex-
ations;

So I must have the Vicar, I see by your letter,
And you saucily tell me, "the sooner the better."

Stop, stop! I beseech you, until you return,
We may then have two weddings, if right I dis-
cern;

I am in no haste to be fettered—Adieu,
Your affectionate "SUSAN,"—not yet W.

LETTER V.

WELLINGTON PLACE.

MY DEAR SUSAN,

Yes, "sooner the better," again I repeat,
That is, I should say after you and I meet;
Th' auspicious day will delight me, I own,
That makes Mr. Wallace and Susan but one.
Mr. Gosling's return was a fine *Jubilee*,
But Ball-rooms you like much better than me;
Dogmatical do not pronounce me, if I,
To reason you out of them, venture to try:
Says Susan, "how grave my Elizabeth's grown,
"Since a visit she paid to her Uncle in town."
That I am so, I'm willing and free to confess,
And by and bye, you'll be so too, I can guess;

•

Tho' a madcap as yet, you are *Manageable*,
 What I've said to the Vicar, you are welcome
 to tell:

And hint, that a Parson should never once go
 To the giddy resort of fashion and show.
 Should you kindly forgive this honest remark,
 You will make me light hearted as any *Sky-lark*.
 My Uncle and Aunt, and my Cousin so kind,
 Fresh amusement, each day, endeavour to find;
 So their Friend, Mr. *Clark*, went with us one
 day

To the Tower in a coach, for it rained all the
 way:

A visit we paid to the Menagerie,
 And a huge *Elephant* and *Lion* did see;
 A *Rhinoceros*—*Porcupine*—*Tiger* and *Bear*,
 The *Zebra*—the *Beaver*—*Camelopard*—*Rein-*
deer,
Crocodile and *Cameleon*, and Laughing *Hyena*,
 'Twas amusing to see how they minded their
 keeper.

A Boa Constrictor surprised me to view,
 A Harlequin Snake and a Rattle Snake too;
 They must have *Ransack'd* all *America* through,
 And *Europe* and *Asia*, and *Africa* too:
 Indeed, my dear Susan, I give you my word,
 'Tis the finest collection, I think, in the world.
 With Miss *Charlotte Hemlock*, at a great Riding-
 school,

I saw some fine *Horsemanship*, practised by rule;
 I've seen *Carlton Palace*—'tis certainly grand,
 I should think it is full half-a-mile from the
 Strand.

The *East India Docks* delighted me much,
 I never before had seen any such;
 As usual! again we were caught in the rain,
 And should have got wet, but an honest *Boats-
 wain*

Took us into his house—it was outside the gate,
 Where, sheltered securely, for some time we
 sate:

My Uncle declared, in a marching position,
When 'twas fine, he would gain to the Docks
re-admission;

This, however, my Aunt begged he'd quickly
decline,

"For," said she, "Mr. *Redstart*, at Five we
shall dine."

In the Evening, Miss *Catherine Vatican* made
A pretty *Conundrum*! and cleverly said,
What species of Gambling will name you a
Wit,

And what he is doing?—said Horace, "I've
hit"

On the term! it is *wagering*—pray am I right?
"O yes," said Miss Kitty, "you've hit the
word quite:"

And young Mr. *Mitford*—I mean Mr. Sam,
Pencilled down an *Extempore Epigram*;
The words I've forgotten! they quickly did pass,
For a crack was observed in my Aunt's *looking-*
glass:



A *Candle* placed by it the mischief had done,
 “What pity, what pity,” cried every one.
 Said my Uncle, “its quality is the most rare,
 “A fifty pound *Bank-note* its cost, I declare;
 “But yet, my dear Friends, I can calmly en-
 “dure,

“Whatever I find I’m not able to cure.”

Thus kindly removing vexation,—again

My Aunt her serenity soon did obtain;

Mr. *Foxglove* was there—I much pleasure de-
 rived,

From hearing the *Catacombs* clearly described.

My Uncle, you know, has now quite a *Name*,

For making of *Punch*, and is proud of the same;

Mr. *Saveall* declared it was wondrous fine,

Said, “your pocket it suits, Sir, I wish it did
 “mine:”

Poor Man! he has only ten thousand a year,

Could he afford *Punch*? Why, the answer is
 clear.

You remember Miss *South*, who was in a decline,

She was looking much better—it proved a bad sign;

For alas! she has now paid Nature's last tax,
The letter arrived, sealed with black *Sealing-wax*:
It frightened me much, for I thought of my home,

And judged the Epistle from thither had come.
I've of late had the tooth-ach—some pain I now feel,

And a cold, my Aunt says, she can cure with
Oatmeal;

“ At losing your tooth,” says my Uncle, “ don't
“ flinch,”

But as I'm no Stoic—I think of the *Pinch*.
He says, he insists all the Summer I stay,
So see me in *Autumn*, you probably may;
Aunt's love to Louisa, and says, at “ *Christmas*
“ She will send her two pounds of the best
“ *Isinglass*.”

You know it's delightful, when boiled up with
milk,

At present she sends her an *Olive* green silk.

The Dowager sends you some fine Cologne water,
(Between you and me she's in Temper a *Tartar*.)

I'll thank you to send to Harry Wilkins,

The *Bird-cage*, the *Skates*, and all the *Nine-*
pins;

Of Elizabeth think! dearest Susan, Adieu,

All Friends send their very best wishes to you.

ELIZABETH.

LETTER VI.

MUGWORT MANOR HOUSE.

METHINKS I now see with what infinite grace,
You raise your fair hands at the name of this
place;

Lady *Lapwing*, to make the dark mystery clear,
Is come with his Lordship to spend half-a-year:
So the Carriage she sent without longer delay,
And *Arthur*, as *Safeguard*, rode Uncle's fleet
Bay;

But strange misadventures, unthought of before,
O'ertook luckless I—but of preface no more.
Know then, at the foot of a tree, near the road,
By *Marygold*-bridge I saw a large crowd;
Not hundreds and thousands, I freely confess,
Or, what you consider a vast *Populace*:

So the check-string I drew, to examine the
case,

“ Please you, Ma’am,” says a by-stander, strok-
ing his face,

“ This here little Girl, *Mary Vineyard*, by
“ name,

“ Was with *Blucker*—her brother at some child-
“ ish game,

“ When a *Butterfly* caught their attention—says
“ one,

“ Only look what a beauty! Let’s catch it, what
“ fun;

“ Intent on the Insect—forgetting the stream,

“ The shout was exchanged for the pitiful scream :

“ The *current* is strong, Ma’am, just here as you
“ see,

“ And she would have been lost, had it not
“ been for me.”

By this time the poor little madcap began

To open her eyes, so says I, “ My good Man,

“ Is she far from her home?” “ Yes, Ma’am,
 “ near a mile;

Then, Friend, bring her hither—a look void of
 guile,

Seemed to say, “ thank ye kindly,” so the
Blacksmith and I,

Contrived that the poor little creature should lie
 On the *floor* of the Carriage, and slowly we
 came

To the Cot of her parent, a neat tidy dame;
 She stood at her *door*, wondering what it could
 be,

That brought such a grand *Equipage* there,—but
 when she

Saw her poor little daughter so languid and wan,
 She gave a loud shriek, and inquiries began:

I soothed the poor creature, “ Come Neighbour,
 “ I cried,

“ Be thankful, your dear little Girl might have
 “ died,”

Let us wrap her up warm in this *Coverlid*
 Of *Patchwork*. I turned to the Mother and said,
 " Is your husband at home?" She redoubled her
 tears,

" No, Lady, next Christmas 'twill be seven
 " years

" Since a *Pressgang* o'ertook him returning one
 " night,

" They bore him away, and as he cannot write,

" I now do not know, if he's living or dead ;

" Ah! Lady, you know not the sorrows I've had.

" 'Twas Saturday night, and our *Cupboard* was
 " bare,

" Half a *Loaf* all I had, with four children to
 " share;

" My troubles came heavy—my eldest Son,
 " *Bat*,

" Was drowned, alas! just a year after that:—

" He was sent to a great *Manufactory*, where,

" At the end of two years, I expected to share

" The reward of his labours—the prospect was
 " bright,

" I shall never forget—on that bitter cold night

" I heard a Cart stop—so I flew to the door,

" Thinks I, Bat's come home, for a holiday sure

" Neighbour *North* is so civil to bring the poor
 " lad.

" Mr. *Talbot*, his master, came first, and he
 " said,

" ' Dame Vineyard, I'm sorry, poor *Batty* is
 " ' dead.' "

" But Lady, I pain you, may you never know,

" What it is to contend with misfortune and
 " woe."

Miss Lizzy, perchance you may doubt what I say,
 But a tear down my cheek had the manners to
 stray;

Then I said to the Blacksmith, " Friend *Here-*
 " tic, take

" This trifle—your courage, when life was at
 " stake,

“ Was highly praiseworthy, no thanks, worthy
 “ man,

“ I reward humble merit whenever I can :”

To the Dame I gave something, and bid her
 adieu,

She wore a gown patched, but may now have
 new.

My journey I ended—no farther mishap,
 The reception was kind to the giddy madcap;
 My Lord made his *Bow*, it was duly profound,
 Caught his foot in a *String*, and saluted the
 ground:

My Lady laughed out, but it soon came to pass,
 Master Pitt threw a *Stone* through a square of
Crown-glass.

Papa and Mamma were in bitter chagrin,
 And poor Miss *Screw-driver*, so stingy and
 thin,

Was dismissed with the Children, and here I
 may say,

The urchins all love me—I join in their play;

Teach the *Alphabet* oft to *Napoleon*, who,
 With his *Pop-gun*, has shot me full twenty times
 through:

Handy-dandy we play too, with *Sword* or with
Spear,

We alarm all the *Blackbirds* that venture too
 near.

Somehow I don't fancy myself quite the thing,
 Since I have been at the Mansion of Lady Lap-
 wing;

My spirit still pants for dear "Rosemary dale,"
 Its pleasures domestic. "The Vicar's fond tale"
 You add, with a smile, my Lizzy, how few
 Are blessed with such friends, as dear *Wallace*
 and you;

May the "WREATH" we have twined sit as
 light on our brow,

As the plaudits of friendship have pictured it
 now:

If too humble to merit the sanction of Fame,
 Too humble, it must be, for Critics to blame;

But should it be cherished by favor so bright,
'Twill bring to our bosoms unclouded delight;
And we cannot do better, Elizabeth, dear,
Than "weave a gay Garland" to^l please them
next year.

SOLUTIONS.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1 Shipwreck. | 4 Newgate. |
| 2 Husbandman. | 5 Tractable. |
| 3 Mugwort. | 6 Bloomfield. |

ENIGMA.

- 7 Prudence.

ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 8 Tea. Ate. | 9 Hale. Ale. |
|-------------|--------------|

CONUNDRUMS.

- 10 Because it shoots well. | 11 It is a Lyre (Liar.)

REBUS.

- 12 London.

GENTLEMEN'S NAMES.

- 13—1 Stephen. 2 Philip (Fillip.) 3 Henry. 4 James.
 5 William. 6 Richard. 7 Solomon. 8 Charles. 9.
 Jacob. 10 Archibald. 11 Arthur. 12 Edward.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 14 Horace. | 17 Penmanship. |
| 15 Sweet-heart. | 18 Assassin. |
| 16 Cupboard. | 19 Cotton. |

ENIGMA.

- 20 Smile.

ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 21 Smart. Mart. Art. | 22 Skill. Kill. Ill. |
|----------------------|----------------------|

CONUNDRUMS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| 23 It is a Wheel-barrow. | 24 A-la-mode. |
|--------------------------|---------------|

REBUS.

- 25 Watch.

LADIES' NAMES.

- 26—1 Mary. 2 Margaret. 3 Caroline. 4 Louisa. 5 Catherine. 6 Jane. 7 Susan. 8 Charlotte. 9 Rose. 10 Harriet. 11 Flora. 12 Augusta.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 27 Hemlock. | 30 Re-admission. |
| 28 Asparagus. | 31 Carpet. |
| 29 Patchwork. | 32 Housewife. |

ENIGMA.

- 33 Cane.

ANAGRAMS.

34 Chair. Hair. Air. | 35 Shoe. Hoe. Hose.

CONUNDRUMS.

36 She is Acting-a-miss. | 37 It is a Flute.

REBUS.

38 Cowper.

TITLES.

39—1 Majesty. 2 King. 3 Prince. 4 Duke. 5 Earl.
6 Lord. 7 Peer. 8 Marquis. 9 Baronet. 10 Count.
11 Esquire. 12 Mister.

CHARADES.

40 Cat-o'-nine-tails.	43 Punch-bowl
41 Portray.	44 Manage.
42 Flower-pot.	45 Equipage.

ENIGMA.

46 A Bell.

ANAGRAMS.

47 Boat. Coat. Goat. Mont. Dont. Boar. Coal. Coax.
Goad. Goar. Goal. Moan. Co. Go. Do. Bat. Cat. God.
Dot. Mat. Cot. Man. Cab.
48 Rook. B-rook.

CONUNDRUMS.

49 It is a Cork-screw. | 50 He is a Popinjay.

REBUS.

51 Herries.

PHILOSOPHERS.

52—1 Confucius. 2 Socrates. 3 Aristotle. 4 Cicero.
5 Celsus. 6 Bacon. 7 Seneca. 8 Plato. 9 Diogenes.
10 Arrian. 11 Pythagoras. 12 Democritus.

CHARADES.

53 Cotton-box.

56 Glutton.

54 Alternative.

57 Bank-note.

55 Scarcity.

58 Antelope.

ENIGMA.

59 A Pin.

ANAGRAMS.

60 Room. Moor.

| 61 Clark. Lark. Ark.

CONUNDRUMS.

62 He is returned.

| 63 He is a Jew-billy (Jubilee.)

REBUS.

64 Fox and Pitt.

POETS.

65—1 Homer. 2 Milton. 3 Cowley. 4 Chambers. 5
 Kirke White. 6 Young. 7 Goldsmith. 8 Butler.
 9 Pope. 10 Cobbold. 11 Burns. 12 Swift.

CHARADES.

66 Wallace.	69 Conundrum.
67 Breakfast.	70 Wellington.
68 Redstart.	71 Grogam.

ENIGMA.

72 Letter A.

ANAGRAMS.

73 Blame. Lame. Male. Mate. Maze. Mane. Mace.
 Made. Dame. Game. Name. Same. Fame. Ale. Hale.
 Hail. Sale. Bale. Pale. Dale. Tale. Ate. Kate. Late.
 Fate. Hate. Gate. Pate. Rate. Date. Mane. Sane.
 Lane. Jane. Dane. Pane. Vane. Bane. Ace. Dace.
 Lace. Race. Pace. Case. Face. Fade. Jade. Lade.
 Wade.

74 Stag. Tag.

CONUNDRUMS.

75 A Viol (Vial.) | 76 By Wag-ering.

REBUS.

77 Spring.

PAINTERS.

78—1 Nash. 2 Good. 3 Carpenter. 4 Adams. 5
 Wilkie. 6 Haydon. 7 Gainsborough. 8 Constable.
 9 Drummond. 10 Danthorne. 11 Atkinson. 12
 Hogarth.

CHARADES.

79 Scrap-book.	82 Boatwain.
80 Dogmatical.	83 Catacombs.
81 Work-bag.	84 Olive.

ENIGMA.

85 Letter E.

ANAGRAMS.

86 Allen, A-lie.	87 Tartar. Rat-rat. Art- Art.
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CONUNDRUMS.

88 Yes-a-Peas-ant.	89 It is a Hurry-cane, (Hurricane.)
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REBUS.

90 Modesty.

SCULPTORS.

91—1 Heferman. 2 Freebairn. 3 Lege. 4 Nollykin.
 5 Westmacot. 6 Dunbar. 7 Arnold. 8 Girrandon.
 9 Rysback. 10 Turnerelli. 11 Kendrick. 12 Rossi.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 92 Misfortune. | 95 Manageable. |
| 93 Christmas. | 96 Isinglass. |
| 94 Necklace. | 97 Sonnet. |

ENIGMA.

- 98 Charity.

ANAGRAMS.

- 99 Look. Book. Rook. Hook. Cook. Nook. Zook.
100 Charm. Harm. Arm. Ram. March.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 101 It is a Canon (Cannon) | 102 In Courtship, Certainly.

REBUS.

- 103 Friend.

MUSICIANS.

- 104—1 Mozart. 2 Handel. 3 Weber. 4 Whitaker. 5
Corri. 6 Bishop. 7 Latour. 8 Hook. 9 Braham.
10 Shield. 11 Martini. 12 Gildon.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 105 Birdcage. | 108 Potentate. |
| 106 Lapwing. | 109 Alphabet. |
| 107 Butterfly. | 110 Eleven. |

ENIGMA.

111 Pin-cushion.

ANAGRAMS.

112 Stone. Tone. Ton. One. Notes.

113 Tar. Rat. Art.

CONUNDRUMS.

114 It is Do-wager.

| 115 The letter C and Ant.

REBUS.

116 Summer.

MATHEMATICIANS.

117—1 Euclid. 2 Ptolemy. 3 Gregory. 4 Barrow.

5 Flamsteed. 6 Newton. 7 Farish. 8 Saunderson.

9 Napier. 10 Maskelyne. 11 Boyle. 12 Whiston.

CHARADES.

118 Sauce-box.

| 121 History.

119 Hardship.

| 122 Arm-chair.

120 Night-cap.

| 123 Content.

ENIGMA.

124 Snow.

ANAGRAMS.

125 Pear. Pea. Reap.

126 Bat. Cat. Hat. Fat. Mat. Pat. Eat. Rat.

CONUNDRUMS.

127 It is a Castanet. | 128 A *Pleasure*.

REBUS.

129 Winter.

HISTORIANS.

130—1 Bede. 2 Baker. 3 Cambden. 4 Gibbon. 5
Herodotus. 6 Hume. 7 Holinshed. 8 Josephus. 9
Livy. 10 Paterculus. 11 Sallust. 12 Tacitus.

CHARADES.

131 Together.	134 Grimace.
132 Inuendo.	135 Potatoe.
133 Leghorn.	136 Restore.

ENIGMA.

137 Candle.

ANAGRAMS.

138 Age. Cage. Gage. Page. Rage. Sage. Wages.
139 Cleave. Leave.

CONUNDRUMS.

140 He is Mis-taking. | 141 The Play of Hamlet.

REBUS.

142 Autumn.

DIVINES.

143—1 Blair. 2 Cranmer. 3 Henry. 4 Sowell. 5
Knox. 6 Leland. 7 Lowth. 8 Prideaux. 9 Rid-
loy. 10 Porteous. 11 Wickliffe. 12 Wesley.

CHARADES.

144 Horsemanship.	147 Bowstring.
145 Gosling.	148 Foxglove.
146 Matrimony.	149 Lacerate.

ENIGMA.

150 Letter O.

ANAGRAMS.

151 Skate. Kate. Ate. | 152 Kin. In. Ink.

CONUNDRUMS.

153 Like a Screw-driver. | 154 It is a Punch.

REBUS.

155 East.

MEDICAL CHARACTERS.

156—1 Akenside. 2 Bancroft. 3 Cullen. 4 Darling.
5 Fothergill. 6 Hunter. 7 Galen. 8 Hippocrates.
9 Mead. 10 Sydenham. 11 Jackson. 12 Wigan.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 157 Isinglass. | 160 Headstrong. |
| 158 Suppress. | 161 Liquorice. |
| 159 Codling. | 162 Genteel. |

ENIGMA.

- 163 Post.

ANAGRAMS.

- 164 Stag. Stage. Sage. Age.
 165 Lip. Hip. Pip. Sip. Dip. Nip. Tip.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 166 It is a Mortar. | 167 The game of Nine-pins.

REBUS.

- 168 South.

MILITARY AND NAVAL CHARACTERS.

- 169—1 Alexander. 2 Anglesea. 3 Abercrombie. 4
 Codrington. 5 Duncan. 6 Exmouth. 7 Moore. 8
 Nelson. 9 Pompey. 10 Rodney. 11 Wolfe. 12
 Washington.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 170 Snowdrop. | 173 Highwayman. |
| 171 Rainbow. | 174 Omén. |
| 172 Partaking. | 175 Season. |

ENIGMA.

176 Faith.

ANAGRAMS.

177 Plate. Late. Tale. Ate. Tea.

178 Jenny. Penny.

CONUNDRUMS.

179 A learned Man.

180 A Door, a Bell. (*Adore-
a-belle.*)

REBUS.

181 West.

STATESMEN.

182—1 Burdett. 2 Canning. 3 Grey. 4 Hume. 5
Holland. 6 Hastings. 7 Hobhouse. 8 Newcastle.
9 Peel. 10 Tenterden. 11 Whitbread. 12 Win-
chelsea.

CHARADES.

183 Goodman.

186 Cauliflower.

184 Blacksmith.

187 Snowball.

185 Looking-glass.

188 Ransack.

ENIGMA.

189 Letter I.

ANAGRAMS.

180 Bay. Day. Hay. Jay. Lay. Gay. May. Nay. Pay.
 Ray. Say. Way. Mat. Dab. Pap. Hat. Sap. Gap.
 Jar. Nap. Rat. Bag. Lag.
 191 Sharp. Harp.

CONUNDRUMS.

192 It is a Pen. (*Penn.*) | 193 *Pen-chant.*

REBUS.

194 North.

BIRDS.

195—1 Peacock. 2 Turkey. 3 Buzzard. 4 Canary.
 5 Goldfinch. 6 Thrush. 7 Dove. 8 Nightingale.
 9 Skylark. 10 Starling. 11 Kingfisher. 12 Wren.

CHARADES.

196 Toadstool.	199 Peascod.
197 Redbreast.	200 Partridge.
198 Flippant.	201 Mistrust.

ENIGMA.

202 A Name.

ANAGRAMS.

203 Dock. Cock. Hock. Lock. Mock. Rock. Sock.
 204 Sword. Words.

CONUNDRUMS.

205 It is a Retort. | 206 A Notice.

REBUS.

207 Barnard Barton.

BEASTS.

208—1 Lion. 2 Tiger. 3 Hyena. 4 Elephant. 5 Bear. 6 Rhinoceros. 7 Zebra. 8 Beaver. 9 Cameloopard. 10 Reindeer. 11 Porcupine. 12 Baboon.

CHARADES.

209 Earwig.	212 Abundance.
210 Rapidly.	213 A True-lover's knot.
211 Penitent.	214 Whither.

ENIGMA.

215 Corn.

ANAGRAMS.

216 Seat. Eat. Tea | 217 B-room.

CONUNDRUMS.

218 They are Bell and Eau (Boileau.)
219 It is a Crab.

REBUS.

220 Manningtree.

FISH.

221—1 Bream. 2 Crab. 3 Dolphin. 4 Haddock. 5
Lobster. 6 Mullet. 7 Minnow. 8 Pike. 9 Eel.
10 Shrimp. 11 Turbot. 12 Tench.

CHARADES.

222 Candlestick.	225 Kindred.
223 Palace.	226 Oatmeal.
224 Campbell.	227 Overturn.

ENIGMA.

228 Temperance.

ANAGRAMS.

229 Smile. Mile. Lime. | 230 Loaf. Oaf.

CONUNDRUMS.

231 It was himself. | 232 It is Newton.

REBUS.

233 Asia.

INSECTS.

234—1 Ant. 2 Bee. 3 Beetle. 4 Cricket. 5 Caterpillar.
6 Earwig. 7 Fly. 8 Grasshopper. 9
Hornet. 10 Locust. 11 Spider. 12 Wasp.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 235 Watchman. | 238 Herring. |
| 236 Patriot. | 239 Bellman. |
| 237 Lamplighter. | 240 Finally. |

ENIGMA.

- 241 Letter A.

ANAGRAMS.

- 242 Grant. Rant. Ant.
 243 Bark. Bar. Ark. Dark. Lark. Mark. Park. Spark.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 244 It is a Smack. | 245 He has Crown-glass.

REBUS.

- 246 Socrates.

MINERALS.

- 247—1 Antimony. 2 Bismuth. 3 Copper. 4 Gold. 5
 Iron. 6 Lead. 7 Mercury. 8 Nickel. 9 Pla-
 tina. 10 Silver. 11 Tin. 12 Zinc.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 248 Stepmother. | 251 Moderate. |
| 249 Vineyard. | 252 Walking-stick. |
| 250 Camomile. | 253 Concajenation. |

ENIGMA.

254 Bible.

ANAGRAMS.

255 Trout. Rout. Out. Tour. | 256 Carp. Carp.

CONUNDRUMS.

257 Grig—a young Eel. | 258 It is a Mantle.

REBUS.

259 Rowland Hill.

FLOWERS.

260—1 Auricula. 2 Carnation. 3 Clove. 4 Cowslip. 5
Geranium. 6 Hyacinth. 7 Heart's-ease. 8 Pink.
9 Polyanthus. 10 Primrose. 11 Tulip. 12 Violet.

CHARADES.

261 Mitford.	264 Popgun.
262 Stratagem.	265 Vatican.
263 Rosemary.	266 Card-rack.

ENIGMA.

267 Letter A.

ANAGRAMS.

268 Spear. Pear. Ear. Reap. Rape.
269 Frock. Rock. Cork.

CONUNDRUMS.

270 Because she were a Gown.

271 He is a Handy-dandy.

REBUS.

272 Dedham.

FRUITS.

273—1 Apricot. 2 Apple. 3 Currant. 4 Fig. 5 Melon. 6 Medlar. 7 Nectarine. 8 Orange. 9 Peach. 10 Pear. 11 Plumb. 12 Raspberry.

CHARADES.

274 Poor-house.

275 Domain.

276 Vowel.

277 Safeguard.

278 Coverlid.

279 Current.

ENIGMA.

280 Hope.

ANAGRAMS.

281 Strain. Train. Rain. | 282 Table. Able. (Abel.)

CONUNDRUMS.

283 It is Hatred.

284 An Heathen.

REBUS.

285 Blucher.

CITIES.

286—1 London. 2 Abbotsbury. 3 Hereford. 4 Durham. 5 Winchester. 6 Coventry. 7 Westminster. 8 Bath. 9 York. 10 Chester. 11 Canterbury. 12 Wells.

CHARADES.

287 Childhood.		290 Heart's-ease.
288 Furbelew.		291 Fire-lock.
289 Double-u. (W.)		292 Marshalsea.

ENIGMA.

293 Letter O.

ANAGRAMS.

294 Skate. Kate. Tea. | 295 Hannah. Anna.

CONUNDRUMS.

296 It is Pillage. | 297 A Climate.

REBUS.

298 Switzerland.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

299—1 Scotland Yard. 2 Whitehall. 3 Mansion House. 4 India House. 5 Royal Exchange. 6 Somerset House. 7 Monument. 8 Westminster Abbey. 9 Kensington Palace. 10 Tower. 11 Horse-guards. 12 St. Paul's.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 300 Earnest. | 303 Lightfoot. |
| 301 Parasol. | 304 Nutcracker. |
| 302 Manufactory. | 305 Handkerchief. |

ENIGMA.

- 306 Bootjack.

ANAGRAMS.

- 307 Bloom. Loom. | 308 Sport. Port.

CONUNDRUMS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 309 List, list, O list! | 310 It is a Talbot. (Tall-
butt.) |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|

REBUS.

- 311 Europe.

COINS.

- 312—1 Angel. 2 Carolus. 3 Mark. 4 Noble. 5
Sovereign. 6 Dollar. 7 Half-a-Crown. 8 Shilling.
9 Florin. 10 Pistole. 11 Penny. 12 Farthing.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 313 Blockhead. | 316 Kidnap. |
| 314 Everlasting. | 317 Wedlock. |
| 315 Candlestick. | 318 Watch-chain. |

ENIGMA.

319 Scandal.

ANAGRAMS.

320 E-Pig-Ram.

| 321 Pinch. Inch.

CONUNDRUMS.

322 It is formed in Columns.

323 It is a Saveall.

REBUS.

324 Africa.

PRECIOUS STONES.

325—1 Agate. 2 Amethyst. 3 Beryl. 4 Crystal. 5
Diamond. 6 Emerald. 7 Onyx. 8 Ruby. 9 Sap-
phire. 10 Sardine. 11 Topaz. 12 Pearl.

CHARADES.

326 Forget-me-not.

| 329 Mendicant.

327 Novice.

| 330 Sealing-wax.

328 Newspaper.

| 331 Heretic.

ENIGMA.

Letter I.

ANAGRAMS.

333 Peach. Each. Cheap.

334 Tape. Fate. Ape. Tap. Pat. Pean.

CONUNDRUMS.

335 A Marmot. Marmotto. | 336 Why, Populace.

REBUS.

337 America.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

338—1 Harp. 2 Piano. 3 Tamborine. 4 Flute. 5
Violin. 6 Clarinet. 7 Drum. 8 Bugle Horn. 9
Organ. 10 Guittar. 11 Flageolet. 12 Trumpet.

CHARADES.

339 Bridecake.

340 Skylark.

341 Patriarch.

342 Curfew.

343 Witchcraft.

344 Marygold.

ENIGMA.

345 Pressgang.

ANAGRAMS.

346 Please. Lense. Ease. Sea.

347 Grant. Rant.

CONUNDRUMS.

348 They are Sup-port. | 349 Your Cousin. (Cozen.)

REBUS.

350 Napoleon.

**DESCRIPTION OF A ROOM AND ITS
FURNITURE.**

351—1 Window. 2 Floor. 3 Door. 4 Sealing. (Ceiling.) 5 Curtains. 6 Carpet. 7 Sofa. 8 Mirror. 9 Table. 10 Chair. 11 Ottoman. 12 Bookcase.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by Collins and Co.
9, Old Bailey.







